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The Critic Takes Over "The Literary World"

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# THE CRITIC

AND LITERARY WORLD

JANUARY 1905

LAURENCE HUTTON'S

## "The Literary Life"

*Illustrated with Autographs*

THE FAMOUS ITALIAN ACTOR

Ermete Novelli

*Illustrated*

## A Paper of Reminiscences

By MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE

LITERATURE ART & LIFE

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No.  
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BY A METHOD OF ITS OWN, HAND SAPOLIO cleans the pores, aids the natural changes of the skin, and imparts new vigor and life. Don’t argue, Don’t infer, Try it! It’s a lightning change from office to parlor with HAND SAPOLIO.

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HON. JOHN HAY  
(From a bust by Mr. Augustus Saint Gaudens)



# THE CRITIC

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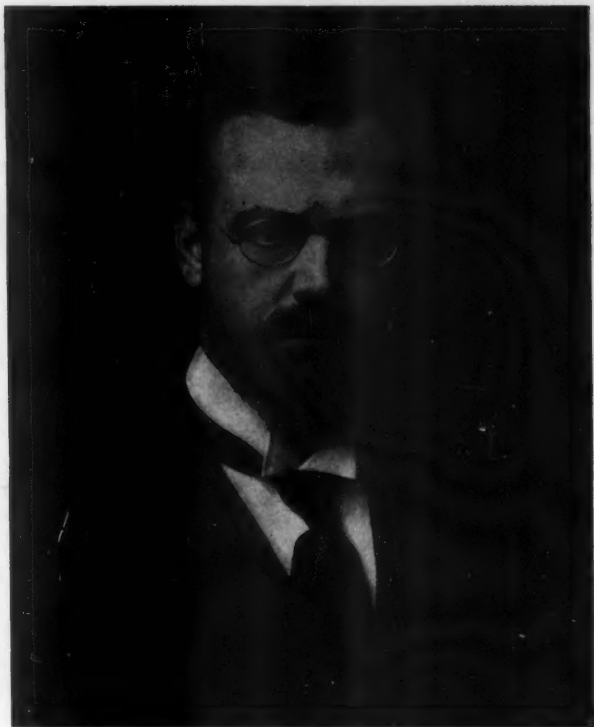
No. 1.

## "THE CRITIC" TAKES OVER "THE LITERARY WORLD"

With this number *THE CRITIC COMPANY* takes over the publication of "*The Literary World*" of Boston, and that periodical is now merged with *THE CRITIC*. "*The Literary World*" was founded some thirty years ago by Mr. Samuel Crocker, who gave his life to establishing the fortnightly not only on a sound financial basis, but as a high-class literary review. At that time, if we remember rightly, "*The Nation*" was the only literary journal in America, and "*The Nation*" was quite as political as it was literary. *THE CRITIC*, which was founded as a fortnightly twenty-four years ago this month, was still unborn. Mr. Crocker had a herculean task before him, for he was editor as well as business manager of his journal. After his death, which was the result of overwork, "*The Literary World*" was taken over by Messrs. E. H. Hames & Co., and Dr. Edward Abbott was installed as its editor. The new publishers and editor were inspired by the same high ideals as had influenced Mr. Crocker.

About two years ago, in connection with the pressure of other business, Mr. Hames decided to transfer "*The Literary World*" to Messrs. L. C. Page & Co. The editorial responsibility was placed in the hands of Mr. Bliss Carman and Mr. Herbert Copeland, and under their direction "*The Literary World*" continued to find favor with an increasing number of the cultivated class in New England and elsewhere. *THE CRITIC COMPANY*, believing that the combination of *THE CRITIC* and "*The Literary World*" should prove of service to the readers of their magazine, induced Messrs. L. C. Page & Co. to arrange for the combination of the two magazines. This combination places at the disposal of the editor of *THE CRITIC* an increasing group of New England writers whose productions are of interest and value to readers not only in New England, but throughout the entire country. The readers of "*The Literary World*" will find that *THE CRITIC*, as heretofore, gives its chief measure of attention and space to literature, but *THE CRITIC* is not devoted exclusively to the reviews of books or to the discussion of purely literary subjects. Its aim and scope are more far-reaching. It covers, in addition to literature, art, the drama, and music, and also what may be called social subjects which are of general interest. In fact, it is fair to say that no topics are debarred from consideration in its columns with the exception of politics and of technical science.

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MR. ARCHER M. HUNTINGTON

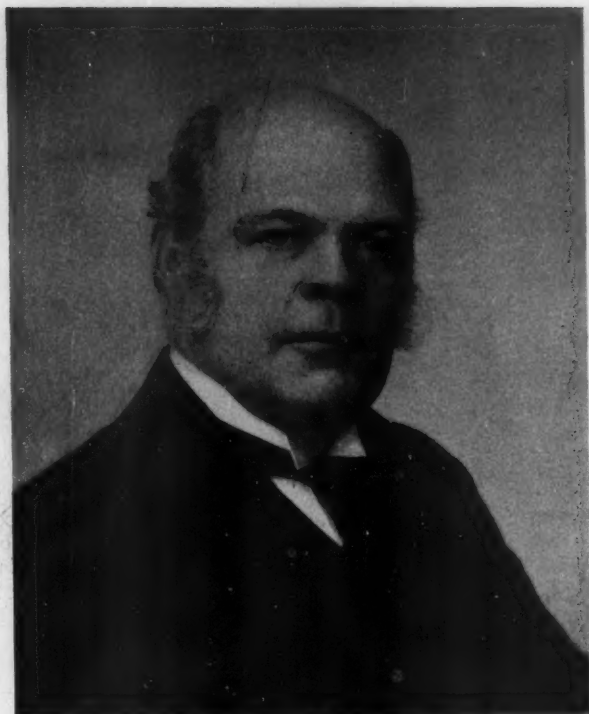
## The Lounger

Of the many portraits of the Hon. John Hay, none is better as a work of art, or as a likeness, than the bust by Mr. Augustus Saint Gaudens given as a frontispiece to this number of THE CRITIC. Mr. Hay has changed very much since his old journalistic days. When he and I were co-workers on the *Tribune* many years ago, we used frequently to meet at the cashier's window on Saturdays, he to draw his editorial \$100, I to draw my reportorial \$12. Mr. Hay wore no beard in those days, a small moustache adorned his lip, his hair was brown and tossed carelessly back from his forehead, which was free from wrinkles. He looked the journalist, the poet, then. Now

there are wrinkles on his brow and his lips are firmly set. He is the statesman, the man of affairs. In those days only the readers of the *Tribune* were his debtors, to-day the whole country is in his debt. It owes him gratitude for his wise administration of its affairs, when as Ambassador to the Court of St. James he steered us clear of shoals, and now for the firm hand with which he guides the ship of state.



It is a matter of sincere congratulation when our young men of wealth turn their attention to other than material things. As a rule, the American young man is so absorbed in busi-



MR. CHARLES H. TWEED

ness—in making money if he is not satisfied with what he has—in keeping his inheritance, or in spending it ill-advisedly—that he has no time for æsthetic things. There are, happily, exceptions to the rule, and Mr. Archer M. Huntington is one of these. The beautiful building that Mr. Huntington has recently given for the uses of the Hispanic Society of America, of which he is the founder, will not only be an ornament to our city but is a compliment to its taste and intelligence. Mr. Huntington, whose interest in Spanish art, archæology, and literature is well known, founded the Hispanic Society for the purpose of bringing into closer relations the people of the United States who are interested in Spanish history, art, and literature, with the Spanish and Portuguese people and their neighbors in South America. The building of the society is being erected

in Audubon Park, between 155th and 156th Streets. The exterior will be of Indiana limestone, and the dimensions about one hundred feet front by seventy feet in depth.

To this building on its completion [says the *Tribune*] the large collection of Spanish antiquities, works of art and literature collected by Mr. Huntington in the last fifteen years in Spain and Portugal, will be brought. The collection is the largest of its kind in this country, and one of the most important in the world. It will be open to the public, and will be a great aid to those people who are interested in subjects pertaining to Spain, Portugal, and their colonies.

As evidence of the purposes and aims of the organization, it may be said that in celebration of the tercentenary of the first publication of Cervantes's "Don Quixote," a new and critical edition of this work in seven volumes will be published by the society. Many great European Spanish specialists who are members of the society will be contributors to this work.



BUILDING FOR THE HISPANIC SOCIETY

Mr. Huntington is now in Spain, where he will undoubtedly unearth more treasures for this collection.

The Hispanic Society was organized by Mr. Huntington last August, with Messrs. Charles H. Tweed, Francis Lathrop, Isaac E. Gates, J. T. B. Hillhouse, and M. L. Hillhouse as trustees. His gifts of land, building, and endow-

ment amount to about \$1,000,000. Mr. Tweed, whose portrait, together with that of Mr. Huntington, is here given, is chairman of the board of trustees.



Miss Marietta Holley has done much to add to the gaiety of nations. As "Josiah Allen's Wife," she has entertained as large an audience, I should say, as has been entertained by the humor of Mark Twain. Miss Holley's humor is homely but none the less attractive to thousands of readers. Its very homeliness is its charm. That "Samantha" should visit the St. Louis Exposition was a foregone conclusion, and that she should find much material there also goes without saying.



MISS MARIETTA HOLLEY

Mr. Robert Hunter, whose significant book on "Poverty" is reviewed in another column, is one of the pioneers in the American Settlement movement. New Yorkers know Mr. Hunter well as the former head of the University Settlement on Rivington Street, and for his successful campaign as chairman of the Child Labor Committee, which passed laws protecting a quarter of a million children, but this was by no means the beginning of his social work. While in college he became earnestly absorbed in the problems of



MR. ROBERT HUNTER, AUTHOR OF "POVERTY"  
(From the painting by Sergeant Kendall)

the poor, and in 1896 he went from the University of Indiana to put his ideas into practice in a squalid tenement in the stock-yards district of Chicago. Later he did valuable service at Hull House, especially in connection with an investigation, in which Mrs. Emmons Blaine was prominent, of tenement houses. The results of this work were

set forth in a volume by Mr. Hunter entitled "Tenement Conditions in Chicago." Mr. Hunter once spent a summer at Toynbee Hall, the original settlement in London. In 1903 he travelled through Germany and Russia, studying low life in the crowded cities, especially in the Polish Ghettos of Warsaw, whence so many Jews have



MOSES RECEIVES THE LAW ON MT. SINAI  
A decoration for the Supreme Court-room of the new Capitol,  
St. Paul, Minn., by John La Farge  
(Copyright, 1904, by John La Farge)



emigrated to America. While on this trip he made a short visit which meant very much to him, to Tolstoy at Yas-naya Polyana. Mr. Hunter's wide and intimate experiences with social distress have made a deep impression, and when he finally wrote this book it was because he could not help it.

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We are to have an eruption of country-life magazines. When Messrs. Doubleday, Page, & Company started *Country Life in America*, they virtually had the field to themselves. But they are not to have it long, for the publishers of the *Review of Reviews* are going to start a magazine along similar lines early in the spring. The new magazine will be printed in Harrisburg, by the same printer whose work was such a distinguishing feature of *Country Life*. And there is to be still another magazine of fields and pastures,—this from the publishers of *Country Life*, who find that they cannot cover a certain department as exhaustively as they would like. Their new magazine is to be called the *Garden Magazine*, and the first number will appear in February. A few years ago it would have been hard work to make a success of a magazine of this sort, but now the American people are turning their attention to country homes and country life. The "week-end" in the country is getting to be as much of an institution in the United States as it is in England, all of which tends to the popularizing of magazines that deal with country life.

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The new Capitol at St. Paul, Minnesota, designed by Mr. Cass Gilbert, should be complimented on the prospect of having in its Supreme Court-room decorations by a master of the calibre of John La Farge. Of the four lunettes in this chamber representing "The Moral and Divine Law," "The Relation of the Individual to the State," "The Recording of Precedents," and "The Adjustment of Conflicting Interests," the first was recently exhibited in the National Arts Club over the inscription:

IPSISSIMA MANU

XXIX DIEBUS

PINXIT

I L F

LXIX ÆTATIS SUÆ

ANNO MCMIV

The subject "Moses Receiving the Law on Mt. Sinai," has received realistic treatment to harmonize with the surroundings. While archeology is absent the costumes are those of tradition. By the edge of a gulf of profound grandeur and impressiveness, from which rise clouds of vapor, Moses kneels with bent head, and hands upraised toward a light that shines through breaking clouds. Joshua with his staff warns away the people; while Aaron has sunk to the ground, his head covered in reverence and fear. The awe and solemn power of the moment are well expressed by the dull red glow of the light reflected over the rocks, and upon much of the drapery of the figures, where the blue of their outer garments alone forms a sharp contrast. Mr. La Farge possesses a rarely equalled conception of balance of light and shadow, and depth and dignity of composition and color. Before all Mr. La Farge is a landscape painter, and his mastery of that portion of his work is absolute. His figures suffered slightly from not yet being completed, and a too close view-point, but only petty fault-finding can have place in a work of such strength. Skilful men, men of poetic imagination, and men with a decorative sense appear with increasing frequency, but the genius that produced the effect of distance and mystery in the landscape on the left of this painting is rarely seen in modern artists.

Mr. La Farge says that he was aided in his work by his own studies and personal recollections of volcanoes, and also by photographs kindly lent him by Professor E. O. Hovey from the Caribbean Islands. Without in any way doubting the quality or merit of the latter material, there is no doubt that notes of this sort are of artistic value only when passed through such an alembic as the brain of Mr. La Farge.

The artist's painting cannot be called a novelty, but each succeeding canvas offers new pleasure, and draws forth ever greater admiration. If the force of his work continues as heretofore, and the other lunettes are exhibited in the place of the one so recently shown, those who have an opportunity to see them must call themselves more than lucky.

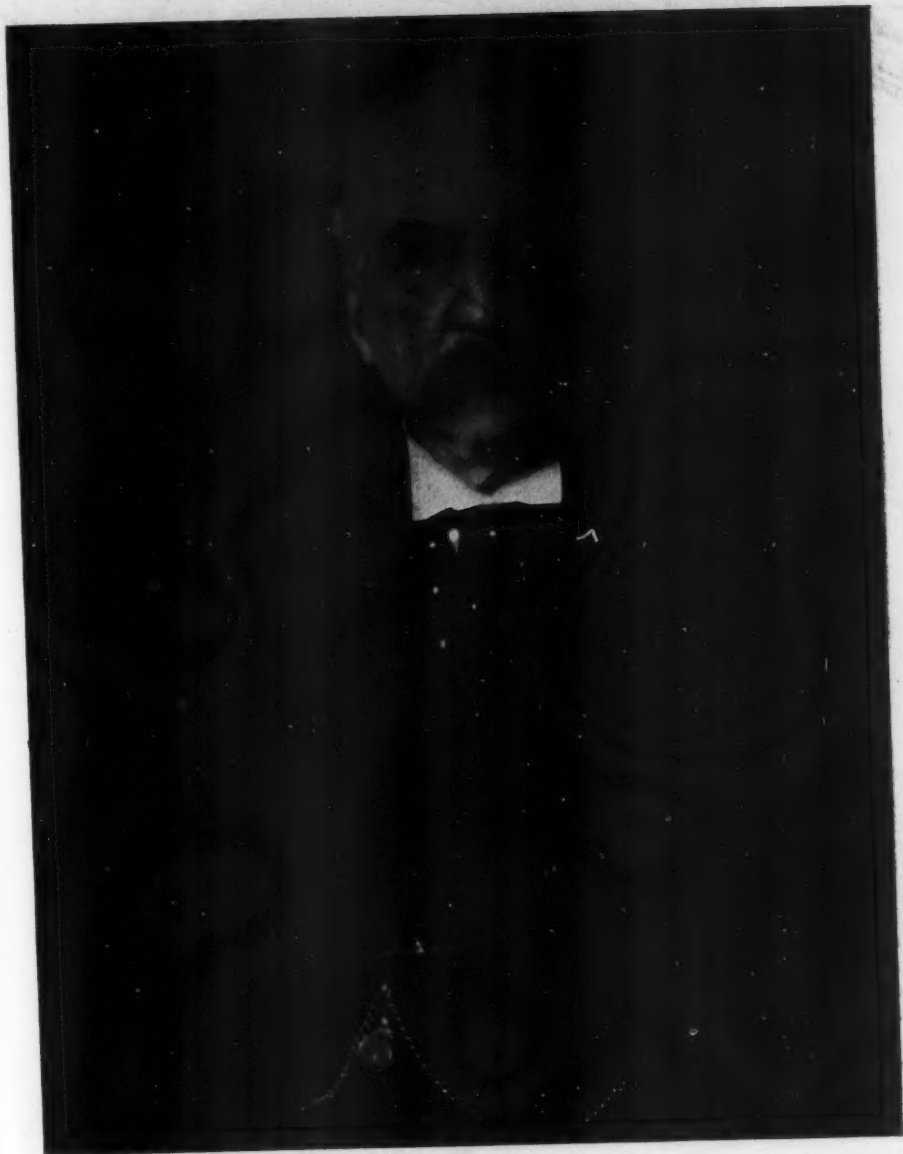
New York is to be congratulated that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has accepted the presidency of the Metropolitan Museum of Art to succeed the late Mr. Frederick Rhineland. The fact that Mr. Morgan has accepted this position proves that he means to do things. If it were simply a question of the use of his name he would not have accepted the office, for Mr. Morgan is no figurehead. When he gives his name, his work goes with it; and there is every reason to believe that the Metropolitan Museum will from now on be a much livelier and a much more interesting institution than it has ever been before.

Mr. Thomas Moran lately exhibited four most interesting landscapes of the West in the galleries of the Century Association. Those who have travelled through Arizona, Colorado, and parts of California say that the artist shows faithful color and drawing in reproducing these paintings of "The Domes of the Yosemite," "The Grand Cañon of the Colorado," "The Petrified Forest," and "The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone." Surely it is difficult to appreciate our country, for the work seems more the result of an exceptional imagination than the copying of fact. The purple distance, deep blue gray valleys, and white peaks possess the width and depth of a romance that we hear unbelieving. Yet Mr. Moran must possess an excellent grasp of his subject, for by a skilful rendering of detail and shadows he has given a metallic definiteness to his values that produces an effect of wonderfully clear air and great distance. Through all his work runs a quaint reminiscent suggestion of old

Biblical paintings in the tints of crumbling red granite, in the mist shades, the sunlight, and in the droop of rain-clouds.

Illustrations by the late Roger Riordan for Solomon's "Song of Songs" were lately on exhibition at the Macbeth Gallery. Once art editor of *Harper's Magazine*, later dramatic critic of the *New York Sun*, again assistant to the chief of applied arts at St. Louis, his versatility found its last phrase in these six sketches. Certainly Mr. Riordan painted in a style essentially his own, a style with a curious habit of making an oil or water color look like a pastel. The meaning of his groups was difficult to grasp, but the weird, crude figures of men and mermaids had exceptional movement in their strange settings of blue and vermillion. With technique conspicuous by its absence, and perspective and values awry, his happy sense of composition and color gave his work a distinct place. The most interesting example of his peculiar conception was the water color over the legend "For winter is gone now," where a kneeling man and an accompanying mermaid twined about a tree trunk form a strange contrast to a yellow bush in the background. The border designs only serve to emphasize Mr. Riordan's unusual fancy. Barely escaping "Art Nouveau," they fall in a class of their own, a class where conventionalized flowers mingle strangely but happily with conventionalized sea forms.

It is good news that The American Publishing Company, of Hartford, is to bring out complete uniform editions of the works of the late Charles Dudley Warner. Four volumes are now issued. There are two editions, the "Autograph," limited to 612 sets, and the "Backlog," unlimited. Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale University, the lifelong and intimate friend of Mr. Warner, is the editor of these editions of his works, to which he has furnished a careful and discriminating



MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN  
(From a private photograph by Eduard Steichen)



MAUD HOWE (MRS. JOHN ELLIOTT)  
(From a pastel by John Elliott)

biography as well as bibliographical notes. The books will be illustrated, and there will be a number of portraits of Mr. Warner given which have never before been reproduced.



It is with genuine regret that I learn of the death of Laurence Hope, the author of "India's Love Lyrics" and "Stars of the Desert." "Laurence Hope" was the pen name of Violet Nicolson, who died by her own hand at Madras, as a result of the intense grief and depression which had settled upon her after the death of her husband,

Lieut.-General Malcolm Nicolson, in August last. Laurence Hope was a genuine poet, and whether the "Love Lyrics" and "Stars of the Desert" were entirely original or only translations, it is all the same. If they were translations they were the translations of a poet; if they were original they were the writings of a poet. On nearly the last page of "Stars of the Desert" she had written these lines:

If Fate should say thy course is run,  
It would not make me sad;  
All that I wish to do, is done,  
All that I would have, had.

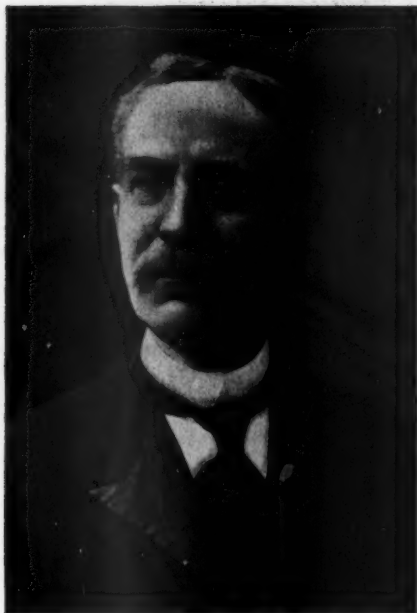


MR. OKAKURA-KAKUZO

The "Letters from the Eternal City," written by Maud Howe (Mrs. John Elliott) to various American magazines, have been collected under the title of "Roma Beata," and published by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Company. Mrs. Elliott knows Rome better than most foreigners. She has visited Italy many times, and has spent several summers in Rome, where her husband had his studio when he was painting decorations for the Boston Public Library. Mrs. Elliott is a charming writer, as the daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe could not fail to be, and she has painted an intimate picture not only of Rome but of the Italy of to-day. Her book is illustrated from drawings by Mr. Elliott and from photographs.

One of the most interesting foreigners now visiting this country is Mr. Okakura-Kakuzo, of Japan, whose book, "The Awakening of Japan," has recently been published by the Century Company. Mr. Okakura has visited this country before,—as long ago as 1886, when he was sent out to America and Europe as a commissioner to report on Western art and education. On returning to his native country, he organized the Imperial Art School of Tokio, of which he was made director. He was also one of the chief organizers of the Imperial Archæological Commission, whose duty it is to study and preserve the ancient art and architecture of Japan. If the reader was not told so in the publisher's preface to





DR. ELROY MCKENDREE AVERY

"The Awakening of Japan," he would scarcely believe that the book was written entirely in English by Mr. Okakura. It is not alone English, but good English, and only, perhaps, in certain picturesque flights of the imagination does it show the touch of the Japanese artist.



It would seem that there is always room for a "History of the United States," if not simply a history of the country, a history of the people. In Dr. Elroy McKendree Avery's new history, the first volume of which is published in gorgeous style by the Burrows Brothers Company, is a combination history of the country and of the people from the earliest records to the present time. From a sketch of Dr. Avery, supplied by his publishers, I should say that he was admirably suited for his task. Dr. Avery apparently is more than a writer of history; he is something of a politician, having been elected to the Ohio State Senate in

spite of his protests. I also learn that Dr. Avery is "a man over six feet high, of athletic frame, and in spite of his continuous literary work, without a stoop." Although sixty years of age, he is "full of both mental and physical vigor." This statement his portrait would seem to prove.



In these days when only novels seem to be among the best-selling books, it is interesting to read that Miss Josephine Tozier's "Among English Inns" has passed through several editions. Miss Tozier will soon bring out through her publishers, Messrs. L. C. Page & Company, a companion volume on French inns. The same firm announce for early publication "Brothers of Peril," by Mr. Theodore Roberts.



Madame Janaushek, who died a few weeks ago, was a great actress—one of the greatest this generation has seen,—and it is a pity that her last years should have been so unhappy. It may have been her fault, for she was a tyrannical woman; but that does not make the situation any less tragic. How different her last years from those of "dear old Mrs. Gilbert," whose death, at eighty-three, came at the height of her popularity and success. On another page of this number Miss Elisabeth Luther Cary pays a fine tribute to Mrs. Gilbert, a tribute, I may say, which was written and in type before the actress's lamented death.



Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich came on from Boston to again see Miss Nance O'Neil in the poet's drama, "Judith of Bethulia," reviewed on another page of THE CRITIC. Mr. Aldrich, like all Bostonians, is a great admirer of Miss O'Neil's talent. She made his play a great success in Boston, but New York, unfortunately, is not very much interested in the serious drama unless it is performed by popular "stars." Miss O'Neil has failed to make the impression here that she did in Boston, but that may not be altogether her fault.





NANCE O'NEIL IN JUDITH OF BETHULIA  
(Photograph by Armstrong)



Anne Warner (Mrs. French) is not only busily engaged in writing at the present time, but also in polishing up her German, as she sails for Germany next month. Every one is writing to Mrs. French to know where she got the material for "Susan Clegg," and to every one she answers that she does not know. She had never been in New England until after she wrote the first story, and never lived in a small town. She is not conscious, so she tells me, of ever having seen one original of any of her characters. As to names, she scarcely ever hesitates—it "just writes itself. Susan was Susan, of course, and I recollect thinking 'Gregg—Legg—why, naturally, Clegg—Susan Clegg'—and writing it forthwith. The minister could not be anything but the minister. Mr. Kimball had to be Mr. Kimball." They "just seem to rise before" her as she needs them. The climaxes rise also when she drafts the story.

The Comparative Exhibit of Native and Foreign Painting at the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society, proved an unqualified success from an artistic standpoint. The collection was the result of a discussion, about a year ago, by a few gentlemen, under the leadership of Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, as to the most feasible way to interest the public in an appreciation of the strength of American painters. To accomplish such an end they held this exhibition of about two hundred canvases, presenting in almost equal shares the best work of Europe and America during the past century. Though many able men were not represented through the practical exclusion of portraits, a fair comparison was formed exceedingly flattering to local artists.

Perhaps the greatest interest centred around a remarkable collection of ten paintings by J. McNeill Whistler. From Europe, Corot, Daubigny, Regnault, Turner, Frémontin, Courbet, Delacroix, Monticelli, and others appeared to advantage, while in the American exhibit T. W. Dewing contributed one of the most beautiful of modern studies. His delicacy of

atmosphere, distinction, and singular elevation of style are nowhere more apparent than in "The Spinnet." His work is so exquisite in depth and charm of subdued color, and so delightful a personality surrounds the girl at the keyboard, that the visitor felt a pleasant regret that she had not turned so that something might have been seen of her face, or that the little mirror, on the wall above her right shoulder, had not reflected more of her elusive features. Besides, her shoulders are so distinctly her shoulders, and not the customary anybody's shoulders of a model.

Among the other Americans, Jerome Brush appealed to the quiet and thoughtful with one of his earlier "Mother and Child" groups. The sympathetic drawing and rich, sober color gave a pleasing contrast to the louder surroundings. From this point a choice was difficult. The "Paradise Valley," by John La Farge, brought out all that painter's mastery of the poetry of distance. The virility and Americanism of Winslow Homer were invariably present in his conceptions of the sea. William Morris Hunt's "The Bathers" gave a classic recollection of youth. Abbott H. Thayer was unevenly credited with his well known and admired "Caritas," and "A Virgin Enthroned," and two smaller works of much less power. William M. Chase exhibited "An English God" that shows an exceptional comprehension of still life. Yet such a list does not half include the representation where men of the power of Theodore Robinson, William Gedney Bunce, J. Alden Weir, George Fuller, Childé Hassam, John H. Twachtman, and others are to be reckoned with in making the successful whole.

Mr. Robert Grier Cooke has taken over the publication of the *Burlington Magazine*, which has the distinction of being the most expensive as well as the handsomest art magazine published in English. A magazine of this sort just fits in with Mr. Cooke's business, which is the making of handsome books—books, by the way, which sel-

dom get into the book-shops, but are made for the owners of private libraries and private collections of pictures and other objects of art.



A new translation of Tolstoy's works, about to be published, will have a "thought-index." This would seem to be an original idea. An alphabetical concordance to every important thought and idea in the writings is to be given, and it covers quite a hundred pages. Professor Wiener, of Harvard, is the editor of the edition, which will be in twenty-four volumes, the contents of which are arranged in chronological order, beginning with Tolstoy's earliest stories and ending with his latest tracts. A number of poems written in his youth, which have never before been translated, are to be included. If Professor Wiener is to make the translation of all these volumes, the reading public is to be congratulated. If he is only supervising the translation, that also should be a matter of congratulation; for Professor Wiener not only knows Russian, but he knows English.



An appreciation is always welcome from any source, but occasionally the form adds to the pleasure given by the matter. Mr. U. Francis Duff, a "constant reader," sent these lines to the editor of THE CRITIC after reading the November number:

I sit me down a happy hour to spend  
With thee, my old and ever-valued friend.

Cosy the room and warm; the mellowed light  
Falls on the pages at the angle right:

The news of books and men; the gentle wit;  
The light, sure touch and the instructive hit;

The clear, good faces that return your look;  
Drive out the thought that this is but a book;

And rather does imagination build  
A fairy house, all with good comrades filled.

Good things from all the world a-plenty here,  
For mind and heart I find—substantial cheer.

Most quickly is the radiant hour sped;  
And with good-will to thee I hie to bed.

In the October number of THE CRITIC, Randall Blackshaw asked what writer would stand in closest proximity to Tolstoy, Kipling, and Mark Twain in the course of a very few years. I am afraid that Mr. Blackshaw will be disappointed in the answers to his inquiry, for the man who he believed would reach this goal is not the one whose name has been guessed by the readers of THE CRITIC. To them Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton and Mr. Jack London seem the most likely to shine in this literary firmament. Neither of these writers was in Mr. Blackshaw's mind when he propounded his inquiry.



One would think by the way Mr. Howells breaks out occasionally that he is an iconoclast; but he is not. Nothing could be farther from his nature. Still there are times when he appears suspiciously like one—when, for instance, he attempts to tear Thackeray from the pedestal upon which we have placed him; when he pats anarchy on the back; and when, as in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*, he would seem to be extolling the calling of the pirate. If we are to take Mr. Howells's words on international copyright seriously, he is, if not exactly defending the book pirate, at least regarding him with some affection. He says that in the good old days, when the black flag was flown from the battlements of certain publishing houses, we were able to get English books for a third or a quarter of what we pay for them now. He quotes as an instance the "Life of Tennyson," in two handsomely printed volumes, which is sold for \$10.00. In the good old days there would have been no copyright to pay on this book and we could have bought it for \$1.25 a volume.

By the international copyright law [writes Mr. Howells] we have not only been deprived of the best English literature which we had so cheap because we stole it, but the law has strangely and curiously resulted in alienating the international

public which the authors of the two countries chiefly concerned used to enjoy, or, rather, which used to enjoy them.

English authors, Mr. Howells adds, "have now less currency in America than they had before the passage of the act, and American authors have less currency in England." I doubt if Mr. Howells can prove this. The cases he cites as proof are those of Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Cable, Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Stockton, Mr. C. W. Stoddart, Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, whose later books he says are not known in England because they are copyrighted. "In the halcyon days of piracy," he continues, "our best authors enjoyed a prevalence which ought to have been very flattering to them, if not remunerative." Mr. Howells must be joking. Does he think that the authors named preferred their pirated popularity to the substantial if small returns on their English copyrights? There is no doubt that a pirated book can be sold cheaper than one that is paid for, but does Mr. Howells sanction this sort of thing? Would he knowingly buy silverware or jewels from a receiver of stolen goods? He could undoubtedly get them cheaper than he could from Tiffany. He may say that the law of the land is against the receiving of stolen goods and the law of the land was not against the pirating of books; but the law of morals is against the practice, and the law of morals should be just as strong to a man of Mr. Howells's stamp as the law of the land. There are black flags in Wall Street and those who fly them keep within the law, but Mr. Howells would not uphold their doings I am quite confident. It must be in a Pickwickian sense that he writes of "the benign piratical régime." Who found such a régime benign? The English author whose goods were stolen? The American publisher who paid for moral rights? Or only the pirate who pirated them and the man who bought the stolen goods? Heaven defend us from the honest fanatic! He can do more mischief in five minutes than a sane man can undo in a lifetime.

Certain American publishers have replied to Mr. Howells's editorial, among them Mr. George P. Brett, of the Macmillan Company, who can speak with special knowledge for both sides of the water. He cuts the ground from under Mr. Howells's argument with a statement of facts. Mr. George Haven Putnam, who was one of the most ardent workers in the cause of international copyright, replies to Mr. Howells in a long article in the *Evening Post*, and this is what he says in concluding his paper:

We have made a step forward in the matter of national honesty, and we have, in so doing, secured material advantage not only in furthering the literary development of our country, but in obtaining for American readers their supplies of the world's literature at a lower cost than was possible under the old-time "piracy" conditions.

Mr. Putnam knows whereof he speaks for he publishes in England as well as in America, and has special means for knowing the ins and outs of the question.



Mr. Howells apparently writes without the facts before him. In the same editorial he discusses the three-volume novel, which has passed out of existence in England. He says:

The novel in three volumes at thirty shillings has become intolerable, but it may have somewhat safeguarded the interests of literature. A publisher would think twice before bringing out a novel on these conditions, and he seems now to think only once and oftenest to think wrong.

The truth is just the other way around. The English publisher thinks twice before bringing out a six-shilling novel, where he apparently did not think at all before bringing out the novel at thirty shillings. The argument made in England against the six-shilling book was that it deprived the mediocre writer, particularly the writing woman, of her income. The libraries were sure to take a certain number of the three-volume novel, no matter how poor it might be; and I am quite safe in saying that dozens of



women who wrote correctly but without inspiration were put out of business by the discontinuance of the three-volume fiction. It is the large public that the English publisher has now to appeal to with the six-shilling novel, and the large public wants something more strenuous than was given it in the old days of the three-decker.

24

The Rev. Charles Wagner is not living the simple life in this country. As a matter of fact he is living a strenuous life, dashing from one lecture to another in an automobile with barely time for luncheon between. Not only does he dash about in automobiles, but he travels across country by express trains, and is speaking every minute when he is not eating or sleeping; and it is comparatively little time he is giving to the two latter necessary adjuncts to the simple life.

24

The only two books that I remember seeing hawked in the streets of New York, as one might hawk a jumping mouse or a bunch of shoe-strings, are

"The Kreutzer Sonata" and "The Simple Life." Two books farther apart in style and character could hardly be found. The Tolstoy book was sold in the streets because of its impurity, because of its appeal to the baser side of man's nature. "The Simple Life" is offered because of its purity and because of its appeal to the higher side of man's nature. On almost every street corner in the city sandwich men are turned into book-sellers, and "The Simple Life" is being offered to the public. "The Simple Life" for ten cents! That certainly is cheap enough to please Mr. Howells. I wonder if these men know what it is they are offering when they call out in monotonous tones, as I hear them every day, "The Sample Li-uf, by Sharlus Vaggoner." This ten-cent edition, by the way, is pirated. Messrs. McClure, Phillips, & Company are Pastor Wagner's authorized publishers. Is it not adding insult to injury that these street hawkers should shout their goods at the very door of the authorized publishers on Twenty-third Street?

## A Master of Shades

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

A NEW book from the pen of Mr. Henry James is an event of importance, for since Meredith and Hardy have fallen silent, since Kipling has become the unofficial censor of the British Empire, the self-crowned laureate of torpedo boats and motor-cars, and since Barrie finds his greater profit in play-writing, Mr. James is the only Anglo-Saxon novelist of the first class remaining. In craftsmanship and sureness of intention his work bears about the same relation to the average current fiction that some fine and rare Oriental rug bears to a crazy-quilt. It cannot, however, be gainsaid that the figure in his carpet grows more obscure and intricate with the passing years; that it is woven with threads of a sometimes too gossamer fineness. His de-

mands upon his readers are increasingly rigorous. Each successive performance has come to resemble less and less a diverting trick with cards, done with one eye on the audience, and more and more a game of solitaire which—for the reader—sometimes fails to "come out"; or it may perhaps be figured better as a labyrinth with a dozen wrong turnings in which it is possible to lose oneself, though to the attentive, leisurely, and sympathetic reader (and Mr. James should have no other) the true path through the maze never ceases to be in doubt.

"The Golden Bowl" is conceived and written in this later, this esoteric manner of our author. It is addressed to the Cognoscenti, who are simply all those having, in any degree approach-



ing Mr. James's own, an insight into those secret places of the human spirit which he essays to explore. Of this dim limbo he is assuredly the Sherlock Holmes.

The intense little drama upon which he this time focusses our attention has for its setting the London of Mayfair, with an occasional shifting of the scene to some stately country house set like a great jewel in the sweet English landscape. The action is restricted practically to four people: Amerigo, an Italian prince of an unnamed, decayed, but still illustrious house; Maggie Verver, a young American girl who loves him and whom he marries; Maggie's enormously rich and still youthful father; and Charlotte Stant, her brilliant friend, afterwards Mrs. Verver, who herself cherishes a fatal passion for the too fascinating Prince. In addition to this oddly related quartet, there are two others, Mr. and Mrs. Assingham, the parties of a happy international marriage, whose nocturnal colloquies, in the privacy of their own apartment, on the subject of the other four, perform something of the office of the chorus in a Greek tragedy.

After the marriage of Mr. Verver and Charlotte, which follows that of Maggie and the Prince, the real situation develops itself; the action, if such it can be called, begins to unfold. The four dwell together in luxurious idleness, with every outward amelioration and amenity; they are "nice" to one another without end, but beneath the surface, for each in a different manner, the crises crowd thick as in a Bowery melodrama. Charlotte and the Prince resume their old relations (whatever these may have been), now doubly illicit by reason of the marriage of each. Maggie's suspicions are aroused, and by a rare chance confirmed, and thereafter, throughout four hundred wonderful pages of so close and firm a texture that one may not miss a line, Mr. James carries the tale to its logical, to its surprising, end. Like some microscopist whose instrument, focussed on a pellucid drop of water, reveals within its depths horrible monsters feeding on one another, Mr. James shows forth

the baffled passion, fear, jealousy, and wounded pride, the high courage and self-sacrifice which may lurk beneath the fair and shining surface of modern life in its finest and most finished manifestations. The transformation of the situation is effected secretly, without outward tumult of any kind; the change wrought is molecular, as it were,—invisibly, but none the less really, justice is done and wrongs are righted.

Like the Scarlet Letter of Hawthorne's romance, the Golden Bowl is an actual material object endowed by the author with a mystical, a metaphysical meaning with a skill worthy of the great romancer himself. An ancient carved and gilded goblet, cut from a single crystal, is discovered in a Bloomsbury shop by Charlotte and the Prince during a ramble which they take together on the eve of the latter's marriage. Charlotte is for having the Prince accept it from her as a souvenir of their more than friendship, then, as they both believe, irrevocably at an end, but he purports to have discovered that the crystal contains a hidden flaw which makes the cup not valueless merely, but (to his view) a thing of ill omen, unlucky to them both, and such in fact by a strange fatality it proves finally to be. The Golden Bowl is figured throughout as the crystal vessel of happiness for these four people,—  
"The bowl with all our happiness in it. The bowl without a crack," its hidden flaw being the secret intrigue which menaces that happiness,—  
"The horror of finding evil seated, all at ease, where one had only dreamed of good."

"Fanny Assingham had at this moment the sense of a large heaped dish presented to her intelligence and inviting it to a feast."

It is thus that I would express my own feeling about this remarkable novel: there are so many things in it—the obscure workings of hereditary traits, the seduction exercised by Europe on the American imagination, the regenerative power of married love, the differences in the "moral paste" of individuals—that like her I feel that to help myself too freely, to attempt to

deal, in other words, with all these aspects in the space assigned me, would "tend to jostle the ministering hand, confound the array, and, more vulgarly speaking, make a mess," and so, like Mrs. Assingham again, I pick out for the reader's consideration "a solitary plum."

If it be true, as Schopenhauer affirms, that a novel will be of a high and noble order the more it represents of inner, and the less it represents of outer, life, this latest novel of Henry James must be given a high place. Throughout it is the inner life, the life of the passions, the emotions, the affections of four people which is presented,—their souls' history, in other words, with only just enough of time and place and circumstance to give it verisimilitude, to make all vivid and real. The chronicle is accomplished with an art beyond all praise: by formulating the questions which the soul asks but which the lips fail to utter, by happy figures and

comparisons which fall thick and golden like ripe fruit, by making all the characters impossibly articulate and lucid,—able "to discuss in novel phrases their complicated state of mind."

Those who lament the forsaking by Mr. James of his earlier themes, and the abandonment of his more direct and objective manner, perhaps betray the limit of their own interests and perceptions. Like all men of original genius arrived at maturity, the outward aspects of the world—manners, places, customs—no longer interest him exclusively. Little by little he has come to look for and to present the reality behind the seeming,—not circumstance, but the spiritual reaction of circumstance. Thus the Swedenborgianism of his father, like some pure, pale flower plucked from a cold Norwegian precipice, transplanted thence to a New England garden, blooms now in an English hothouse,—a thing to marvel at, a thing to be grateful for.

## Blackstick Papers. No. 10 \*

By MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE

### I

#### "JACOB OMNIUM"

"A gent, both good and trew"

ON one of the landings of the staircase of the National Gallery, at the entrance of the rooms devoted to British Art, hangs a picture by Gainsborough representing a family group. It is painted with all the full and harmonious sense of color for which that painter is remarkable, and, besides its artistic merits, the charming composition reproduces that individual personality which Gainsborough seized so wonderfully at times, and which the greatest painters only can convey to us, in some unexplained and yet undeniable manner.

The family is that of Mr. James Baillie, who was a younger son of the

Baillies of Dochfour, and the picture must have been painted in the last years of the eighteenth century. It is, in truth, a charming composition; and original, too, even though the usual garden background is there and the well-known curtain hangs from the marble column. The father, in the dress of the period, with wig and with knee-breeches, stands stately and well-proportioned upon a step; at his right sits the mother of the family, with her youngest child on her knee and the others clustering round her. Mrs. Baillie is not handsome, but looks, nevertheless, imposing and attractive. She sits in some dignity, dressed in her handsome fringed robes, with a satin shoe appearing from beneath the ample skirts.

Beside her are her daughters; the eldest, a maiden of about thirteen, with dark eyes like the father, and

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"JACOB OMNIUM" AND MARSHAL PELISSIER  
(From a drawing by Richard Doyle)

wearing a tall, feathered hat, beneath which her hair falls loosely. In after years she was to be the mother of the great "Jacob Omnium." Next to her is a younger sister, with a merry, round face, which has descended to another generation; and there is also the usual fascinating little boy of those days, who, in his blue vest and buttons and little trousers, is looking up at the baby in the mother's lap. The stately gentleman was the grandfather of Matthew James Higgins, otherwise "Jacob Omnium," and the likeness between the generations is certainly very remarkable. But, good-looking as Mr. Baillie must have been, Gainsborough, had he

lived to paint it, might have made a still handsomer picture of the grandson.

It was the little boy, known later as Mr. Alexander Baillie, who left this picture for life to his nephew, Mr. Higgins, and then to the National Gallery, where it now hangs in honor.

History has a way of telling her stories backwards. It is interesting to recognize dignity, wit, kindliness, a certain friendly authority that one remembers in the nineteenth century, recorded in the distant eighteenth century by its master hand.\* Here too is a presentment of the Higgins family

\* How many such noble records, given by the generous hand of Watts, the twentieth century will look upon!

itself not as yet in existence. The two daughters, the son, the kind parents in suitable surroundings.

The best likeness, perhaps, that was done of "Jacob Omnium" is one from a photograph, which records his well-modelled features, calmly humorous and restrained. The other portrait engraved in the Memoir is an excellent full-length sketch by Sir Francis Grant, with a little toy-terrier introduced by Sir Edwin Landseer. This portrait gives a good impression of Mr. Higgins's great and remarkable height. I can remember seeing my father looking up at him as the two walked away together along Young Street. Carlyle called my father a Cornish giant once, and Mr. Higgins he dubbed Eueptic giant. Not being eueptic himself, Carlyle seemed to disapprove of tall men and of many other obvious and inevitable facts. Mr. Higgins's was a harmonious and finely modelled figure, I could not have believed from my remembrance that he was six foot eight inches in height, if I had not read it in his Memoir—that "excellent Memoir," as Sir Leslie Stephen calls it, written with so much affection and discrimination by his friend, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. Some people have an ear for music, an eye for color; others, in the same way, have an interest in their fellow-creatures, a critical opinion concerning them, and "Jacob Omnium" was one of these; and so was Sir William, who wrote of him.

## II

One has heard the story of the infant in a cradle who witnessed a theft committed by his nurse, and who resolved to tell of it as soon as he was old enough to speak intelligibly. In this way "Paterfamilias" seems at a very early age to have had an opinion upon the affairs of life, and he certainly did not hesitate to expose the wrongs he had observed when the time was ripe to do so. A boy who began at fourteen years of age to have his own ideas upon education was surely born to be a critic. He says: "I used often to doubt, when called off from my studies

at Harchester to mend my master's fire, to prepare his meals, or to brush his clothes, whether a system which permitted and upheld such practices could really be beneficial either to him or to me." These early conclusions he epitomized in later times, when the well-known letters by "Paterfamilias" about Eton came out in the *Cornhill Magazine*, writing vividly from personal experience of the noble old stronghold of tradition and prejudice and good faith. More than one master took up the challenge. "Paterfamilias" replied to the replies. His third letter, published in the *Cornhill Magazine* for March, 1861, is headed by a quotation from Paul Louis Courier which is too amusing not to be quoted at length:

Je voudrais bien répondre à ce professeur [says the eminent Frenchman], car, comme vous savez, j'aime assez causer. Je me fais tout à tous, et ne dédaigne personne; mais je le crois fâché. Il m'appelle jacobin, révolutionnaire, plagiaire, voleur, empoisonneur, faussaire, pestifère ou pestiaire, enragé, imposteur, calomniateur, libelliste, homme horrible, orduier, grimacier, chiffonnier. C'est tout, si j'ai mémoire. Je vois ce qu'il veut dire; il entend que lui et moi-sont d'avis différent; et c'est là sa manière de s'exprimer.

When the Eton master, justly claiming remuneration for much arduous work, describes the occupation "as one repulsive and irksome to most men," and complains that "it mars their chances of marrying," "Paterfamilias," with grave amusement, observes that this gentleman's complaint is certainly not flattering for the wives of his colleagues.

"Paterfamilias" writes as he talked perhaps, as a man of six foot eight inches would naturally do, with a certain authority, which in his case was tempered by a strong sense of humor; and yet his trenchant decisions were almost always for the good of the world—to help the oppressed, to set wrong right. Other men's heads did not obscure his view, though he may have too hastily overlooked them.

The Memoir gives the dates and facts of Mr. Higgins's early life. He was born at Benown Castle, in the county of Meath. He was educated at Bath



and at Eton, and afterwards he went to New College, Oxford. His mother, the little girl in the tall hat, was early left a widow with several daughters and this one son. The daughters married in Italy and settled at Naples. I can remember, as a girl, calling with my father upon a very tall lady, with all the Bay of Naples shining through the windows of her reception-room, and I am told there are still tall and handsome Italian gentlemen, her sons and nephews, with the features and the stature of my father's old friend and companion.

Mr. Higgins as a young man after leaving college went off to the West Indies. He was heir to an estate, which he twice visited at intervals, finding, as we read, "that his plausible attorney and gentlemanly manager were actively making away with his substance." But they seem literally to have reckoned without their host, who, on his arrival, speedily got rid of them and brought his tangled affairs into order.

### III

Soon after Mr. Higgins's return from Demerara, in 1847, the famine in Ireland was at its height. He offered his services to the relief committee in England. Others worked hard through that cruel time; Sir Aubrey de Vere, Mr. John Ball, and many more names will be remembered. Mr. Higgins was with those who were sent out to the coast of Mayo with supplies for the starving people. They were conveyed thither by H. M. S. *Terrible*. They landed at Erris, a promontory stretching into the Atlantic:

The shores were washed by water abounding in fish, but there was not a wherry or fishing smack in the entire barony. Six thousand were supposed to have perished by starvation, the landowners all but two were bankrupt in purse or in character . . . men, women, and children were dying daily in the village streets and on the roadsides. Mr. Higgins and his associate, Mr. Bynoe, a naval surgeon, were besieged at once for food, clothing, and coffins. . . . When at last the local committee had got into perfect order, the greatest vigilance was required to prevent the resources provided from being

wasted, intercepted, applied to the payment of wages, etc.

The letters of Mr. Higgins corroborate the complaints of the relief commissioners. In April, 1847, "Jacob Omnium" sent a letter to the *Times* so eloquent, so incisive, that even now, after sixty years, it still stings and stirs the reader. To understand the Irish, Sir M. E. Grant-Duff tells us on good authority, a man must be born again, and of an Irish mother. The present writer may claim this latter right to realize the strange mixture of fire and apathy, of imagination and hopeless fatalism, which belongs to the Irish character, and which at that trying time roused the just indignation of "Jacob Omnium." Fatalism was no part of his creed. To bestir himself, to administer, to hold the reins firmly, came naturally to him. He might have been an Irishman for spirit and kindness and enterprise; he certainly was a typical Scotchman for painstaking and conscientiousness. What the work was which he had to carry out may be imagined from the following statement at the end of his letter:

. . . . Lest I may be suspected of exaggeration I will, in conclusion, set down what my eyes have seen during the last half-hour. I have seen in the court-house an inquest held on the body of a boy aged thirteen, who, being left alone in a cabin with a little rice and fish in his charge, was murdered by his cousin, a boy of twelve, for the sake of that wretched pittance of food. A verdict of wilful murder has since been returned. The culprit is the most famished and sickly little creature I ever saw, and his relatives, whom I heard examined, were all equally emaciated and fever-stricken.

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, in concluding this melancholy chapter, writes as follows:

The Irishmen of 1847 were very angry with Lord John Russell for exhorting them to adopt the maxim, "Help yourselves, and Heaven will help you"; but the lessons of the famine have not been wholly lost, even upon this generation.

On his return to England during the general election of 1847, Mr. Higgins, stood for Westbury as a Peelite. He

was defeated by Mr. James Wilson afterwards Finance Minister in India, by a majority of twenty-one. A daughter of the Rt. Hon. James Wilson tells me that she can remember being taken to a window to see the election and her father speaking, and Mr. Higgins's remarkable figure standing on the hustings, and the excited coachmen of the opposite factions driving into one another, so that the little frightened girl burst into tears and was carried away by her nurse. Mr. Higgins never again stood for a seat in Parliament, though, as we read, "his interest in public affairs continued unabated, and there were few figures more familiar than his in the lobby or under the gallery of the House of Commons."

#### IV

In 1850 Mr. Higgins married Mrs. Benet, a daughter of Sir Henry Tichborne's.

It must have been in the spring of 1850 that my father, sitting down to write a letter at the club, found the impression in Mr. Higgins's writing of an envelope addressed to this lady. Amused and interested by the confirmation of rumors which had reached him, he cut out the page and sent it to his friend. I can remember going with my father to call at Mr. Higgins's house in Lowndes Square just before the marriage. There were several people about, but I most of all remember the soft laughing eyes, and the white bonnet of the bride to be.

As I have said, my father and "Jacob Omnium" were friends and companions both before and after the marriage. They liked the same amusements, they had the same interests. Is it not well known how they went together to visit a celebrated giant, and were admitted free of charge? They fancied the same toys, old china, *bric-à-brac*, among the rest, and one spring morning a cab drove up loaded with a delightful gift from "Jacob Omnium's" store to ours. Dresden and Oriental pieces there were, a cauliflower in china worth its weight in gold. One mug

remains to this day intact upon my table—a cup in which some of us may still drink to the past.

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, writing of Mr. Higgins, recalls the well-assorted little dinners both of his bachelor days and in later life; the breakfasts to the Philo-biblion Society, and those rarer Derby-day occasions at which half a dozen friends, "agreeing, perhaps, in nothing but good-fellowship, used to meet for the great summer holiday." He quotes the names of Sir John Simeon, of my father, of Sir Edwin Landseer, John Leech, Count de Montalembert. I remember a brake calling one fine Derby morning at my father's door, into which he mounted and cheerfully drove away, leaving us looking out from our schoolroom window with a general sense of excitement and holiday in the air, since even the grown-up people were out enjoying themselves.

I come upon one and another record of Mr. Higgins's name in old papers and letters of that time. "When I took leave of you last night on Higgins's doorstep," writes Richard Doyle in a farewell letter to my father, who had just started for America. This must have been a last parting dinner to the traveller in the autumn of 1854. "Mr. Higgins met me in the park with baby," Mrs. Brookfield writes, "and asked me if I would not come and dine with them; but I could not leave home." How these chance words bring the reality of past days before one!

Only yesterday, opening a book at hazard, I read an amusing note of a conversation that once was held recorded by Sir M. E. Grant-Duff. "Imagine," said Sir George Trevelyan, speaking of ancient Athens, "a society in which it was quite the natural thing to discuss at great length whether 'Jacob Omnium' was taller than another man by bigness or by two feet!"

This allusion must have been at a time when "Jacob Omnium's" name had long become familiar to the world at large. "His early letters were never passed over," says his biographer. They seem to have been quoted with



respect and irritation, too; they never failed to make their mark.

One only book of "Social Essays" contains most of his longer articles. A terrible story, called "Captain Jack," refers to his West Indian experiences. The history of "Jacob Omnium" first appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1845. The paper attracted so much attention that the name ever after remained to its author. My father was writing in the same magazine at the time, and he and Mr. Higgins both simultaneously applied to the editor to make them known to one another.

Again and again, as one reads what "Jacob Omnium" has written, one is reminded of the author of the great "Hoggarty Diamond," of the "Snob Papers," of the earlier chapters of my father's writing; on one occasion Mr. Higgins must have actually written two pages of the "Book of Snobs." At another he himself supplied the story for a very well-known poem.

## V

Most people know the "Ballads of Policeman X," and the "Song of Jacob Homnium's Hoss":

One sees in Viteal Yard,  
Vere pleacemen do resort,  
A venerable hinstitude—  
'T is called the Pallis Court.  
A gent 'as got his i on it;  
I think 't will make some sport.

A horse belonging to Mr. Higgins had been stolen from Tattersall's by means of a forged letter. This horse was cleverly recognized by his groom and recovered in the streets of London. The thief, who had been keeping the horse at livery, found it convenient to disappear, and the stablekeeper then brought an action against Mr. Higgins for the animal's keep, which Mr. Higgins naturally refused to pay. The cause was tried, says Sir William, in a small and ancient local court called "The Palace Court." I am told that it was a relic of the times, when the Sovereign was supposed to hold her own private court of justice, and has been now finally abolished.

Pleaceman X tells the story:

The dreadful day of trile  
In the Pallis Court did come;  
The lawyers said their say,  
The Judge looked wery glum,  
And then the British Jury cast  
Poor Jacob Hom-ni-um.

Oh, a weary day was that  
For Jacob to go through;  
The debt was two-seventeen  
(Which he no more owed than you).  
And then there was the plaintive's costs,  
Eleven pound six and two.

And then there was his own,  
Which the lawyers they did fix  
At the wery moderit figgar  
Of ten pound one and six.  
Now Evins bless the Pallis Court  
And all its bold verdicts.

Every one must sympathize with the feelings of Pleaceman X for "Jacob Omnium" when he exclaims, "If I'd committed crimes, good Lord, I would n't have that man attack me in the *Times*!"

The differences of our contemporaries often amuse and interest us, but their cordial understandings and sympathies do one good to dwell upon. I do not allude to mutual admiration societies, which are apt to exhaust one's attention, but to that pride in good work carried through, that love for generous lives lived simply to the end, which will always ring true.

Busy as he was [I am again quoting], he was ever ready to prove himself a friend in need, a counsellor in difficulty, a comforter in affliction. His long practice in weighing evidence enabled him often to mediate in disputes, and though in his literary vocation he was a man of many controversies, in his private capacity he was the author of not a few reconciliations.

As I read this most just tribute in Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's pages, there comes back to my mind a message from Mr. Higgins, written years and years ago, just after my father's death.

The note is almost too intimate to print, and yet it gives so true a picture of the writer and does such honor to

friendship that I cannot but allude to it now. Mr. Higgins had written to ask us who was advising us, and had sent various practical and admirable suggestions for our use, and I, in return, had sent him a letter we had just received, which we valued very much.

He says:

It is impossible for man to write a wiser or kinder letter than Mr. Merivale has written to you. I was afraid when I first wrote to you that in your grief you might entrust your affairs to kind but incompetent hands, and might then be perplexed how to extricate yourself from them. As it is, I can only say that whenever I may die I should be very happy to think that my children had at their side such an adviser and assistant as Mr. Merivale, and that you cannot do better than rely on him fully at all points. . . .

Good-bye. God bless you, and enable you to bear up bravely against the heavy blow which has been so suddenly inflicted on you.

If I may refer to such personal matters, I may add that we had other good advisers and helpers. One of them, Mr. George Smith, was also Mr. Higgins's friend, who himself belonged to that race of men with an instinct for human beings. Mr. George Smith trusted and admired his stately contributor, and liked to take counsel with him about both literary and public affairs. Specially when the *Pall Mall Gazette* was started did he consult him. Mr. Higgins wrote many of the occasional notes which the new periodical was the first to issue. Occasional notes are now in every newspaper, but they are not quite "Jacob Omnium's."

## VI

When "Jacob Omnium" ceased to write for the *Times*—it was a disagreement about military matters which brought the long connection to an end—his serious contributions continued to appear in the *Cornhill Magazine*, as well as in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Army reform, school reform, social reform, all interested him, and it is curious to note with what just instinct he seemed to seize upon the vital problems of the hour and to suggest possible remedies.

What a variety of subjects he grasped! We owe to him the intro-

duction of steam-rollers in the London streets, brought about by his sympathy with the sufferings of the horses under his window. Administrative reform was one of his hobbies. The Public Schools Commission followed upon his articles in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Only yesterday, sitting in a Surrey garden, with a horizon of autumn hills and a foreground of flowering lawns, I heard something I had never known before from a friend with whom I have many memories in common.

This is what the lady told me. One day Mr. Higgins descended the steps of his club and found the road wet and impassable after a recent shower. His intention had been to cross over to a great store on the opposite side of the street, and to buy some soda for a bath, an antidote for gout which had been recommended by his doctor. Not caring to walk through the mud, he called to a bare-footed boy, and, putting a shilling into his hand, desired him to cross the road and to make the purchase. The boy returned with the soda and a handful of change, and Mr. Higgins asked him whether he had understood that he was intended to pay for the goods. The boy declared that he had paid all that had been asked; with the result that Mr. Higgins, on his return home, sent for the household books, and found that the sum usually charged for soda was many times in excess of that which had been asked from the little sweeper. This was the origin of the first start of co-operative stores, so vigorously advocated by "Jacob Omnium" in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. So much my friend told me, and she smiled as she added, with a remembrance of those past days, the trades resented this correspondence and withdrew their advertisements in consequence. The public certainly benefited, but the *Pall Mall Gazette* suffered.

At one time "Jacob Omnium" was strenuously opposed to that great "Historicus" whose loss a nation mourns now. It would be almost too sad to dwell on these names, on those noble vanished hands that have so long toiled for us and have made straight

our way, were it not for the grasp of the living. But it would be as foolish to weep for the children who once played in the old garden, and who are now busy men and women, at work in the world, as only to lament for those who have passed their way through honored life to rest.

I cannot conclude better than by an extract from one of Mr. Higgins's essays, a charming description of old Chelsea Hospital:

At half past ten on Sunday morning I applied for admittance at the east gate of the Hospital, where sat a guard of old men clad in a costume which recalled to my mind Hogarth's picture of the "March to Finchley." Being readily admitted, I proceeded to the main quadrangle, where I found the pensioners mustering for church parade. Men maimed by every variety of mutilation under which life could be retained were slowly gathering from the various wards. Empty sleeves, wooden legs, bent backs, and disfigured features bore witness that these gallant fellows had dearly bought not the ease—for that few of them have health to know—but the repose which they enjoy.

Amidst all these signs of bodily weakness and infirmity I remarked an erectness of carriage and a neatness of dress which proved that neither age nor sickness could eradicate habits acquired by long service. You could read in every man's face that he respected himself and knew his own worth, and was proud that his country had recognized it. . . . The sound of drums and fifes broke in upon my reverie.

The old men formed a double line on either side of the gravel walk, and the governor of the Hospital, preceded by a blind drummer and two octogenarian fifers, and accompanied by the officers of the establishment, appeared on the parade. . . . The pensioners were closely examined by their governor, as he limped along their most accurate line, with an air rather of affectionate interest than of official scrutiny.

Before they broke for chapel word was passed down their ranks that a pair of green spectacles had been picked up and was in the hands of the adjutant. An ophthalmic Egyptian limped forth and claimed them, thus characteristically concluding this singular military spectacle.

Then "Jacob Omnium" describes the old chapel,

"gloomy but handsome," the altar draped on either side with the banners of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib. . . . Sixteen Imperial eagles adorn the

walls and attest the prowess of these soldiers, of whom these veterans were once the flower. The body of the church is entirely filled by the pensioners; a single line of pews carried along the walls on either side accommodates the officers of the hospital and their families.

It happened at the time I visited the place that these families contained several young women of great beauty; and never did female youth and loveliness stand forth more conspicuously than when contrasted with the Rembrandt-like heads and shattered frames of these venerable soldiers.

He goes on to praise "the manly, straightforward, and kind-hearted appeals to common-sense of Mr. Gleig, the chaplain. . . . What shall I say of the congregation?" he adds, having thus eulogized the clergyman.

In most assemblies of men we know, to our cost, if we have lived long enough, that the majority are but of average merit, that many sink below mediocrity, and that few rise above it.

But here, amidst this strange collection of cripples, all have been actually tried in the fire and not found wanting; all have approved themselves brave, obedient, faithful, have undergone severe and bloody trials in every quarter of the globe, wherever their duty led them, and have been fortunate to have their merits recognized and their toils rewarded by the *otium cum dignitate* of Chelsea. Hackneyed as that phrase is, I know of none other which so well expresses the position of these meritorious servants of England.

There is something that reminds one of the "Newcomes" in this restrained and yet most effective picture of the peaceful place, which remains, happily, unchanged from the days when "Jacob Omnium's" stately figure trod its sunny old courts.

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*The following note by Mrs. Yates Thompson, the eldest daughter of Mr. George M. Smith, reaches me as this paper is going to press. It is so interesting that it is added as a postscript. It tells its own story and adds to mine.*

A. I. R.

The amount of Mr. M. J. Higgins's writing for the *Pall Mall Gazette* is shown by the fact that while regular contributors such as W. R. Greg, Lord

Strangford, and Leslie Stephen occupy five pages each in the contributors' ledger for the first two years, and J. Fitzjames Stephen has as many as thirteen pages, M. J. Higgins requires thirty of the large pages, all written in my father's beautiful clear hand.

His first article appeared a week after the paper started, and his last on the day he was taken ill—six days before he died. At first there were not so many "Occasional Notes"—only thirteen in May, 1865—but he seemed soon to take possession of that department, and in May, 1866, there were sixty-six written by him. It was quite an ordinary thing for him to write six, or eight, or ten "Occasional Notes" a day, and the curious variety of subjects is fairly shown by the following entries for two days in 1867:

Public Houses.  
U. S. Presidents.  
Photography of Corpses.  
"Telegraph" Correspondent.  
Lectures by a Corporal.  
Gutta Percha Ears.  
The Ship *Diana*.  
Agricultural Laborers.  
Hall of Arts and Sciences.  
Bishop of Salisbury.  
Condition of Naples.  
Mont Cenis Railway.  
Fenian Ringleaders.  
Miracle of St. Januarius.  
Steam Locomotive in Rome.  
Health of Prince Imperial.

His first contribution to the *Pall Mall Gazette* was a long letter—"Locked in"—giving a lively account of his service as a juryman and a forcible exposure of the abuses of the system. He wrote a few leaders and now and then a review, and, besides the "Occasional Notes," "Correspondence" was always a favorite method of his. On serious questions, such as a long controversy with Sir Samuel Baker on the negro question, he wrote as "J. O."; but he used endless pseudonyms,

often writing a letter, on the Eton holidays, for instance, as "A Mother of Six," and answering it as "A Father of Four." To name but a few, he appears as "A Widow," "A Veteran," "Rose du Barri," "Materfamilias," "Equestria," "Belgravian." Do you remember yourself, as "Martha Query," stirring him up to answer, as "Monitor," a question about "Gratuities to Servants"? At one time he carried on a correspondence in French as "Sanson" of Leicester Square.

Perhaps his favorite signature was "Common Sense." No abuse, small or great, seemed to escape him, and he attacked them with a mixture of earnestness, playful wit, and good sense which generally seems to have been successful. Anything connected with Eton, from the headmastership down to "Schoolboy Tippling"; anything to do with horses, from steeple-chases to the macadam in the London streets; any case of legal oppression or official incompetence found him on the alert.

The power he exercised is well shown by his correspondence on "Our Grocers." On January 13, 1868, he took up the question of the overcharges of West End grocers, and in a series of letters from "Providus," "A House-keeper," "A Victim," "A Country Grocer," besides many editorial notes, worked the subject for a month, and on February 12th was able to publish a circular from many of the leading West End grocers reducing their prices to those of the Co-operative stores. He did not actually start the Co-operative stores, which, as he mentions, had been begun two years previously, but by this correspondence he gave them a much greater vogue.

I have read a great many of Mr. Higgins's contributions to try to choose something that might be worth copying for you, but most of the subjects are dead and gone, and detached scraps give little idea of the scope and vivacity of his daily work.



## "Granny"

### An Appreciation of the late Mrs. G. H. Gilbert written a short time before her death

By ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

WHEN on Saturday evening, the 12th of November, the curtain at the Lyceum Theatre was finally lowered, and the audience emerged, somewhat exhausted with the emotion of bidding farewell to Mrs. Gilbert, every one realized that farewell had been said to more than a friendly accomplished lady, hallowed by many years, and endeared to the public by her long familiarity with it. Something had departed with her from the modern stage that left it, with all its adornments, slightly unkempt and unfinished. The beautiful tradition of an art that had grown up in simplicity of motive, and under conditions of training and experience nearly impossible at the present day, was withdrawing itself and intangibly adding to our sense of loss.

Mrs. Gilbert began her career in London as a ballet dancer when she was about twelve years old, and her later public many times have been reminded of the fact by the charming lightness of her walk and the general grace and felicity of her bearing. They also constantly have been reminded of the character of her training by the apparent ease with which she has cast her abounding personality into various and diverse forms. She has told us of her range in earlier days; how she tried everything from the Tuscarora Schoolmarm to Lady Macbeth; she was the Queen in "Hamlet," Emilia in "Othello," Mrs. Gamp in "Martin Chuzzlewit," Pocahontas in the play of that name, Mrs. Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," the Fairy in "The Cricket on the Hearth," the boy and the three ghosts in "Macbeth," Meg Merrilies, the Infant Phenomenon, in "Nicholas Nickleby,"—it would be easier to enumerate the parts she did not do than the parts she did. And in them all she was working to make her-

self more generally valuable and without the idea of fitting herself for any especial line. When at the age of eighty-three she was given a star part in a play especially made for her, it was obvious that she actually had been a star for as far back as the majority of her hearers could remember her. She had been, that is, the most fully equipped, most accomplished, most important and authoritative actress upon her stage for many a long year. And in her new part she created an impression blended of elements not often brought together, and remarkably poignant and moving to the adult mind. The play written for her by Mr. Fitch was painfully slight in construction and foolish enough in detail. It opens with a little household on the brink of change. A man living with his father, his son, and the mother of his wife, who is dead, contemplates a second marriage with a woman who has divorced her husband and has become the victim of village gossip. This gossip is believed by the man's mother-in-law, whose loyalty to her dead daughter is outraged by the prospective marriage. She plays upon the feelings of the boy until he leaves home in revolt. She also leaves the house, and the new wife, with a young daughter of her own, takes possession and surrounds her husband with an atmosphere of quite oppressive saintliness. The mother-in-law, Granny, repents of her interference, and, endeavoring to bring all into harmony, affords an opportunity of which Mrs. Gilbert made the utmost. She showed herself completely mistress of laughter and tears, and delicately introduced reality into the most artificial of situations by her sincerity of gesture and tone. In the first scene of tantalizing and petty dialogue between the mischievous mother-in-law and the



infuriated lover the tremendous value of her past was conspicuous. Not a line of her face, upon which were written so many lines of self-control and wisdom, failed to respond to the need for temperance and absolute taste. The scene could only be unutterably trivial or triumphantly distinguished. That it was the latter is owing not only to Mrs. Gilbert's great talent, but to her profound conception of human nature. It was worth while, perhaps, to test her power with a part so unkindly exacting. As she stood slightly clenching her hand, her figure subtly tense with decent restraint, the sweetness of temper and warmth of heart that later were to be called into play expressing themselves in the beautiful old eyes and the touching voice to which so many rich and vital experiences had contributed, she was a picture of natural dignity and competent art to be envied by even the most endowed of her successors.

It is easy, perhaps, to account for the harmonious effect of intelligent finish. Hard work, and infinite attention to detail, and a habit of obedience and enthusiasm of temper,—these will work wonders in the refinement of artistic performance. But these alone do not explain why the bits of pathos overlaid with sentimental suggestion, and the bits of humor weak and trivial in essence, fell with such distinction upon the ear, or why Granny, who easily might have been represented as a very dreary and tiresome old woman, passed before us with such a wealth of touching and potent suggestion. Allowing largely for the impressionable mood of a soft-hearted public at a moment of truly sorrowful significance, the performance in itself was of a quality to move hearts. Character counted, back of the art. Mrs. Gilbert has spoken of her custom of constantly thinking herself into her part, and thus giving herself the expression belonging to the character to be impersonated. Inevitably, also, she gave to the character the essential physiognomy of her own individuality. Where an actress of less delicate intuitions would have seen vulgarity she saw something finer, more subtle, with its source in the ten-

der and tragic passions of humanity. All the first act of "Granny" was an example of her ability to impose upon an impulsive situation the refinement and seriousness of her personal ideal. In the later acts the second element of the impression she produced was conspicuous. It was one that can only enter into the work of those who have passed the middle years, for it springs from the depths of personal experience. In the phrases especially designed to fit the rôle of age,—"I am an old woman and can afford to swallow my pride," "He is all I have to love—and my time is short," "It is n't every old woman who can be so run after," "Oh! I wonder if I have been a wicked old girl!"—the reality of wrinkles and gray hairs was an important aid to the happy effect. It was the indubitable accent of age, also, that in the second act brought tears to the eyes of every susceptible member of the audience at the vision of the small withered hands beating gently against one another as Granny recalls the troubles that have descended upon her, and humbles herself before a younger generation. Her voice, sincere, quavering, full of delicate intonations impossible to a lustier period of life, and rich with deep notes of buried emotions, begging forgiveness, had an authority beyond the reach of the most accomplished art. At such moments the immeasurable tragedy of the passing moment mingled with the tenderness of retrospect to press upon the imagination an image of poetic dignity.

How far even this impression was enriched by the beauty of the acting it is impossible to say, but certainly the character of the acting, so far as Mrs. Gilbert is concerned, was extraordinary. Passing from it to the interesting realism of the French stage one perceives most readily its individual quality. On the French stage there is no evidence of the existence of an audience. For each actor his fellows constitute, apparently, his audience. Self-consciousness assuredly is not absent, but there is no suspicion of playing to an outer ring of onlookers. In this play of "Granny" there was ample



Photo by Sarony

cognizance of the onlooker. The nature of the occasion made a sympathetic appeal from the leading actress to the audience almost a necessary part of their pleasure. But what a frank, human, and delightful appeal it was! The illusion within the limits of the play, on the other hand, was even greater than that produced by the comedians of the French stage. There was a finer spontaneity; there was less obtrusive self-restraint; there was more flexibility if less vivacity of manner. And above all there was that complete absence of the artificial note that perhaps could not be gained except from an actor whose life had been some seventy years identified with art.

In the epilogue, still another effect was produced. Those present at the final performance looked in silence at the slim figure about which the folds of a purple gown, as heavy and deep of dye as those worn by our grandmothers, hung in ample lines; and at the tremulous face with its noble self-command; and listened in silence to the voice speaking in tones still clear and admirably modulated. It was a magnificent example of spirit and intellect defying the ravage of time; and it was an exhilarating proof of the

indestructible quality of beauty. We all remember the exquisite Rosalind of Miss Matthison delivering her epilogue with the charm of sweet young eyes, and youthful fragility of outline. Not less lovely was this old age in its mellow consummation of a gift to which the service of a lifetime had been paid. We shall not soon forget the sad kind smile, the gracious hand, the perfected method, the loving responsive heart.

And what is the message left with us by such an experience? This at least: that the tone of time is not to be forced, and that no talent is great enough to dispense with it. Naturally young actors do not contemplate a service of seventy years before receiving the just rewards of their successful endeavor. But the mood of patience, the mood in which small things are done well that large things may be done better, the willingness to develop on different sides and arrive by this slow road at symmetry and balance, the pure humility of spirit which can sustain hope deferred, these are matters that have to do both with art and character, and that can hardly more profitably be pondered than while the memory of Mrs. Gilbert's work is fresh in mind.

## Lafcadio Hearn's Funeral

By MARGARET EMERSON

WHEN we first reached Japan I had great hopes of meeting Lafcadio Hearn, but as the months went on and I discovered that some persons of the small English-speaking community of Tokyo had never heard of him, that the majority of the large contingent of missionaries spoke of him with horror, and that he was personally unknown to business and diplomatic circles, I realized that the only opportunity lay through the University, where he held the chair of English literature. I was taking steps to be permitted to attend one of his lectures when it was announced that Lafcadio Hearn had ceased lecturing for the time being on

account of trouble with his eyes, which threatened total blindness. A fellow English professor at the University told me he had gone home for treatment, adding that nobody knew what "home" was for Lafcadio Hearn. Those persons who had been fortunate enough to meet him were unanimous in telling me that he was a recluse, averse to all society and more especially to that of Europeans. All ordinary means of meeting the man I so much admired having failed, I was planning a letter, when his sudden death was announced in a Yokohama paper. With my poignant regret came the resolve to attend his funeral. The

brief notice stated that the procession would leave the residence, 266 Nishi Okubo, at half-past one and would

First came bearers of white lanterns and of wreaths and great pyramidal bouquets of asters and chrysanthem-



THE RICKSHA MEN OUTSIDE OF LAFCADIO HEARN'S HOUSE

proceed to the Jitoi Kobutera Temple in Ichigaya, where the Buddhist service would be held.

After a futile effort to induce some of our neighbors to accompany me I started for the solitary ricksha ride early on a perfectly radiant afternoon. Except for hills or occasional foreign buildings the narrow winding streets of Tokyo are everywhere alike. So after being whirled along streets lined on either side with little shops for almost an hour my ricksha man stopped before a narrow entrance between two shops, which led to a small enclosure in which stood an old-fashioned Japanese house of wood two stories high. In front of it the lantern-bearers, the hearse, and a crowd of mourners were waiting, almost ready to start. The garden, as usual in Japan, was at the back and not visible from the street. I remained outside to see the procession start.

mums; next, men carrying long poles from which hung streamers of paper *gohei*; after them two boys in rickshas carrying little cages containing birds, that were to be released on the grave, symbols of the soul released from its earthly prison.

The emblems were all Buddhist, but the portable hearse, next in line, carried by six men in blue, was a beautiful object, of unpainted and unvarnished, perfectly fresh, white wood, trimmed with blue silk tassels, and with gold and silver lotus flowers at the four corners. Directly behind it, on foot, followed the chief mourners, a middle-aged Japanese man and Lafcadio Hearn's oldest son, a nice-looking boy of about fifteen. In rickshas were his Japanese wife, all in white, the color of mourning in Japan, and his daughter.

Priests carrying the food for the dead, university professors in the Prince

Albert coats and gray trousers so unbecoming to Japanese men, and a multitude of students wearing the kilted trousers (*hakama*) characteristic of the student, formed the end of the procession.

At first we wound through streets made beautiful by the mellow autumn light that illumines even the poorest dwellings and fairly glorifies the little Japanese children, in their Joseph's coats of many colors, that are flying kites and playing ball all along the way. At intervals we passed under the skeleton triumphal arches, that have been for the last month standing in readiness for the fall of Port Arthur, when they are to be decked with green branches, bunting, and lanterns. After the crowded streets we went for a long way along the cyclopean walls and broad moat of the inner enclosure of

the ricksha men invited us to walk up a broad rising road leading into the open country, the lantern-bearers turned into a narrow passage, cut into the hills on the right, and, leaving the rickshas behind, we ascended to the gate and terrace of an old Buddhist temple.

The hearse was carried along the stone walk that led directly to the central door of the temple and is placed just inside and across the entrance, while the lanterns and bouquets were arranged outside, in front and at either side of the door.

The mourners divided into two groups, the family of the deceased entering the left wing of the temple, while his students and European friends went to the right. We were asked to remove our shoes and our "name-cards" were demanded, after which we



"BEARERS OF WHITE LANTERNS, OF WREATHS, AND GREAT PYRAMIDAL BOUQUETS"

the Imperial palace and crossed the new trolley-line that seems such an anachronism in these peculiarly archaic surroundings. At last, beyond the outer moat to the northwest where

were shown to places in rows on the mats of the inner temple. Three or four foreign men perched in awkward positions on the window-sills, while the rest knelt or sat on their feet Japanese-



fashion. Opposite were dimly seen men in black silk kimono-coats, marked with their family crest, and a few women.

wood filled the air. They again bowed to the ground and retired.

The wife next stepped forward, lead-



"THE PORTABLE HEARSE CARRIED BY SIX MEN IN BLUE"

As we became accustomed to the comparative darkness of the temple we made out that the altar and internal woodwork were of black lacquer and gold. Against this dark background, in the space between the mourners, eight priests, four on either side, were seated, chanting a dirge-like song. Their heads were clean-shaven and they were clothed in white with several brilliantly tinted gauze kimonos superposed. One near me wore a bright green garment over yellow skirts, and the combination of colors on another was pink and green.

After a period of chanting punctuated by the tinkling of a bell, the Japanese chief mourner rose from the other side and led forward the son. Together they knelt before the hearse, touching their foreheads to the floor, and placed some grains of incense upon the little brazier burning between candles. A delicate perfume of sandal-

ing a little boy of seven in a sailor suit with brass buttons and white braid. We could see her quite plainly, a middle-aged Japanese woman with expressionless face, her hair elaborately done into stiff loops, like carved ebony, her only ornament the magnificent white brocade *obi*, reserved for weddings or funerals. She also unwrapped some grains of incense from a square of white tissue-paper and placed them on the brazier. She put the little boy's head down, and guided his hand when he took the incense.

The head priest appeared for a moment, resplendent in violet and red gauze with a stole of white and gold brocade and a complicated twist of blue silk cords intertwined and ending in tassels thrown over his shoulder. Then Lafcadio Hearn's eldest son, accompanied by the Japanese gentleman, crossed over to our side and both bowed low to the assembly, who respond by

bowing to the ground. The ceremony was ended and we all slowly dispersed into the grounds.

Outside the sun was still bright, though declining to the west. It gilded the ancient tree on the large terrace, the perfumed pines and curious drooping trees and trees covered with orange flowers, whose name I do not know. The ground, except where the raised stone walks are laid, was green with moss, and all around we looked down on peaked Japanese roofs and on gardens. Many tiny little boys and girls with still tinier little brothers and sisters tied on their backs were playing in the enclosure of the terrace. It was a scene such as Lafcadio Hearn has often described and that he would have loved. He would have seen more in it with his poor blind eyes than the keenest sightseer, and would have made us feel its charm. Certainly he would have liked his own funeral.

He has expressed his wishes about his last resting-place in "Kwaidan"; in the chapter on "Mosquitoes" he says:

I should like, when my time comes, to be laid away in some Buddhist graveyard of the ancient kind, so that my ghostly company should be an-

cient, caring nothing for the fashions and the changes and the disintegrations of Meiji. That old cemetery behind my garden would be a suitable place. Everything there is beautiful with a beauty of exceeding and startling queerness; each tree and stone has been shaped by some old, old ideal which no longer exists in any living brain; even the shadows are not of this time and sun, but of a world forgotten, that never knew steam or electricity or magnetism. . . . Also in the boom of the big bell there is a quaintness of tone which wakens feelings so strangely far away from all the nineteenth-century part of me that the faint blind stirring of them makes me afraid,—deliciously afraid. Never do I hear that billowing peal but I become aware of a striving and a fluttering in the abysmal part of my ghost,—a sensation as of memories struggling to reach the light beyond the obscurations of a million million deaths and births. I hope to remain within hearing of that bell.

The little children came up to gaze timidly at the foreigners, as we stood about in quiet groups waiting, till one of the gentlemen of the University came out of the temple and dismisses the students with a few words. All was finished for the day. To-morrow the body would be taken to the Zoshigaya temple for the final rites of cremation in the presence of the family, and it is there that his ashes are interred.



"IN RICKSHAS WERE HIS JAPANESE WIFE ALL IN WHITE, AND HIS DAUGHTER"



NOVELLI IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM

## Ermete Novelli

By CARLO de FORNARO

The caricatures in this article were drawn by the son of Signor Novelli

LAST summer, in Venice, my eyes caught sight of a poster announcing Novelli's appearance at the Goldoni Theatre. I was at once struck by the great variety of the performances; comedy, tragedy, farce, drama, followed each other indiscriminately as if playing hide-and-seek with human emotions. Novelli appeared in all these with the same facility, the same intensity, and with equal mastery in each.

The Goldoni Theatre, is one of the world's curiosities among playhouses. Built in 1626, it was first called the Vendramin, from the owner, a Doge, but was later known as the Apollo Theatre. In old Venice, actors, plays, and everything pertaining to theatres were held in small esteem. The manager of the Goldoni Theatre informed me that he had not found a single historical document in the archives of the playhouse; not a poster or a programme, not even a list of the plays or of the actors, or record of a performance there since 1626—absolutely nothing. Even the book of accounts contained only bare expense and cash receipts, very much to the despair of historical societies. Strange, too, is this contempt for the dramatic art in the city which gave birth to the Italian Molière, Carlo Goldoni; and that, notwithstanding the fact that the Vendramin Theatre presented Goldoni's plays, it was re-christened Goldoni Theatre only in

the year 1876, as a belated compliment from a more appreciative generation. Also at the Goldoni Theatre was staged the first opera by Bellini.

The next day I called at Novelli's house. The front door, quaint and old-fashioned, led to a courtyard in the



NOVELLI AS OTHELLO



NOVELLI AS SHYLOCK



"OH! ROBERTO, ROBERTO!"

fashion of the Spanish *patio*, with everywhere growing flowers and plants. Novelli greeted me at the head of the stairway in his jovial hospitable manner. Broad-shouldered, tall, well proportioned, agile, he can safely be called homely—not offensively, but genially and sympathetically. For as the differ-

ent emotions appeared on his mobile face, I realized that his homeliness was an important adjunct to his mask, which had to register all the human passions from the highest to the lowest. Therefore nature had endowed him, so to speak, with a broad, elastic homeliness as if to make room for all kinds of extraordinary facial contortions. His features suggested the Roman type with a slight Semitic character in his strong, curved nose, and his sensual, large, and very flexible mouth. But again his hair, almost black, without being curly, left a forehead fairly high and receding on account of the marked protuberances or bumps over his eyebrows. His eyes are dark, small, good-natured, expressive, and his ears very large.

With great pride he showed me round his house, through half a dozen rooms filled with bric-à-brac, paintings, old furniture, innumerable costly souvenirs gathered on his travels; it looked more like the den of an antiquarian, or, better, an old curiosity shop, than a house to live in comfortably. His great hobby consists in buying antiques, without regard to period. An Empire snuff-box will do as well as an old piece of Etruscan pottery, or a rusty German halberd. Unlike most famous actors' fathers, Novelli's father, Alessandro Novelli, was only a prompter. He ran away from home, having incurred the paternal ire for refusing to



NOVELLI AS "CHARLEY'S AUNT"



become a priest. He wandered from company to company in the most ungrateful of callings, scarcely earning enough to keep from starvation.

Ermete, his son, was born under such poor auspices on the 5th of May, 1851, in the province of Lucca, Tuscany. At the age of fifteen, he was engaged as an actor in a theatrical company. When again out of work, he offered his services as a waiter, thus widening his knowledge of human nature in its meanest phases. Thereafter he played all kinds of rôles intermittently from 1866 till 1884, and only in the latter year succeeded in making his greatest hit as a comic actor.

In 1886, he wandered out of Italy into Spain, then South America, Austria-Hungary, Egypt, Germany, Russia. At last, in 1898, he dared venture to Paris, where he received his artistic baptism as an actor of the first rank. Great was the task which he accomplished, for Duse had preceded him with such marked success that the critics were in a mood to be especially severe in comparisons.

Sarcey called Novelli essentially a great comic actor, but Coquelin chal-

lenged this assertion and declared that Novelli was also a great tragedian, as he had had the opportunity of seeing him in Italy. Thereupon ensued a lively polemic between those two gentlemen. Novelli's performance (of "Louis XI.") settled the argument in favor of Coquelin's contention. Nevertheless, Sarcey had the last word, in an article in which he argued very justly and clearly that the Italian's art was simpler and more direct than the French actor's, adding that Novelli's diction was of a secondary order, whereas his mimetic art was of the first rank.

The verdict was endorsed by the newspapers and art world in Paris, which in such matters are the least chauvinistic and prejudiced of critics.

I suggested to Novelli that when he came to New York, under the Liebler management, he should play a few standard and well-known dramas, barring out all the so-called immoral or problem plays, as otherwise the metropolitan papers would be flooded with essays on ethics, very much to the confusion of the innocent and well-meaning but long-suffering public.





## The Literary Life

V.

By LAURENCE HUTTON

NOT the least of the trials of the Literary Life are the collectors of autographs and their begging letters.

The Autographizers, as Dibdin once, and a little disrespectfully, spoke of them, may be divided into four distinct classes: the Buyers, the Beggars, the Stealers, and the Receivers. The first study the catalogues they order by mail or by wire; sometimes they exchange; and they always pay full prices. They find profit, and, no doubt, a certain amount of pleasure, in their hunting and angling for letters and signatures. They bag their game, and they catch their fish, ready cooked. It is often the rarest of fish and of game. But it is not sport!

The real Collector would not exchange a little note in his possession,

written on the night of his election to the Century Club, containing the simple words: "Dear Mother Blank, Your boy is a Centurian," and signed "Edwin" (Booth) for the manuscript of Washington's Farewell Address; nor would he give a familiar letter of Bun-ner's, full of affectionate personalities, and closing "with love, as always, to the Wife," for the sealed and signed Death-Warrant of Lady Jane Grey.

The mendicant of autographs seems to find pleasure in his methods, and now and then he finds profit; for he has been known to sell the results of his begging to men who are too proud to beg for themselves. But he is, generally, an honest suppliant, holding his hat in his hand, or, with palm extended, telling one openly that he wants one's



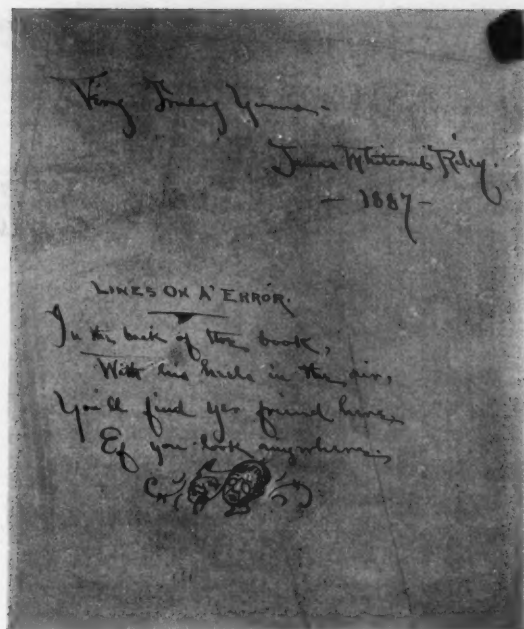
To Uncle Laurence  
 With the dear Love  
 of Phiz and his mistress  
 May 1902 Helen Keller

Photo Copyright, 1902, by Emily Stokes

*Laurea Huxley*  
*John*  
*Chas. Dudley Warner*  
*Dec 1894*  
*Let any who know Laurence*  
*Huxton know is not a book on*  
*our friend's life.*

signature, enclosing a card upon which to write it, and a stamped envelope addressed to himself, in which to return the card. And he rarely says "Thank you," in reply! Sometimes he demands a little more. If one is an artist he asks for a sketch; if one is an author he asks for a quotation; if one is a man of affairs he asks for a sentiment; if one is a clergyman he asks for a text; if one is a doctor he asks for a prescription; if one is a judge he asks for a short sentence—in favor of the plaintiff! Not infrequently he tells you how much he admires your work, or your course; he adds that in his part of the community your name is an household word; and in addressing you he spells your name wrong! Once in a while he gets all mixed up and asks his favorite author what he is painting now; or his favorite artist when he is to publish his next book!

Often he is more insidious in his inquiries; and while he says he realizes that he is trespassing upon valuable time—a very popular expression of his—he ventures to seek some indispensable information as to the present address of Mr. Mark Twain, for instance, or, as to the number and names of the children of Mr. Frank Stockton; or if Miss Julia Marlowe ever played Meg Merrilies, and if so, when, and who were in the cast; or if Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "Gallagher" was an actual episode in his own life; or if George du Maurier was the real name of the author of "Trilby," or merely a pseudonym; or if you prefer Dickens to Thackeray, spring to autumn, the mountains to the seashore; or if you ride a wheel, and whose make; or if you shave yourself or go to the barber's; or if you believe in the higher education of women; or, does author-



ship pay? He generally encloses a stamp. But he almost invariably forgets to say, "Thank you, Sir!" And "Thank you, Sir!" is so easily said!

A very interesting specimen of the autograph-beggar's literary style, received while these words were being written, is here given *verbatim*. It reads:

DEAR SIR: Among the many important duties that engross your time and thoughts, I would respectfully solicit one moment of your time, and proffer an earnest request that I may possess some autographic remembrance from your hand. I desire much, and would highly prize, such a souvenir from one to whom I am so greatly indebted for many an hour of pleasure and profit that has been afforded me through your very interesting books. Since the critical press and public have long since placed the stamp of their high endorsement upon your refined, instructive, and always excellent work, I feel that my wee tribute of appreciation must seem indeed trifling to you. Yet I am quite sure that in such expression I am but voicing the opinions of thousands of lovers of good literature in our land, who, like myself, have been greatly influenced, instructed, and entertained by your writings. Trusting that the sincerity of my request

may kindly excuse whatever inconvenience that shall attend your compliance with it, I remain, Yours very sincerely.

As the request is absolutely impersonal and indirect, its sincerity must be doubted. It is evidently one of very many similar letters sent to the authors of entertaining instruction and influential works whose names are to be read on the title-pages of books found in the circulating library to which the writer had access.

The compliance with the request, it may be added, met with no expression of "Thank you, Sir." And why not?

The worst form of autographic beggary is displayed by the young person who trespasses upon valuable time with the request to read an accompanying essay, story, or poem; to criticise it freely and fully; to tell the young person cordially what one considers its merits; to point out its short-comings, if any; and to present it to some editor of one's acquaintance for immediate publication. By so doing one will make the young person the very hap-



Not exactly to the bottom

My husband's blessed and full impart  
Some pang to view his happier lot,  
But let that pass - Oh! how my heart  
Would hate him if he loved the not.

Arthur Wallack. Nov 14<sup>th</sup> 1887

"I don't regret in nothing  
else so happy, as in a soul  
remembering my good friends"

Wm. J. May. 1887. Nov 28<sup>th</sup>

Lord this to carry  
My love to my Larry -  
God bless him and keep him for life's longest span!  
And when finally he passes  
And turns up his toes,  
May the good God be good to a God damn good man.

W. C. Burman

Wm. J. May  
Xmas  
94

1718/1719

[illegible]

574. Bedford Gardens

Camphor Ball

Landmark 44

Westminster.  
 May 16. 1867.  
 Will Mrs. Ganton for-  
 give Miss Field should  
 he call this evening  
 and find her cour-  
 nous by her absence?  
 Miss Field feels it her  
 duty to accept an invi-  
 tation to tea, and hopes  
 Mrs. Ganton will remember  
 that Miss Field passes  
 almost every evening  
 at 12 & 16th St.

piest of mortals, perhaps will save a large and dependent family from penury, or worse, and will certainly confer a boon upon the reading world. Stamps are enclosed for a reply. But the "Thank you, Sir," as usual, is omitted.

One young person ventured to trespass in this way upon the valuable time of a total stranger, because his father, whom the stranger did not remember, had once made an ocean voyage with the stranger; another asked him to read her verses because her favorite uncle bore his first name and spelled it in the same manner; another ventured because he had broken his leg; another trespassed, without apologizing for the venture, because she had read in her local paper that the hall of his house was filled with rare portraits and prints; and still another took the liberty because he knew that the stranger was a friend of Walt Whitman, and because he wanted, not an autograph of the

stranger, but an autograph poem of Walt Whitman, signed!

Perhaps the most ingenious and the most original of all these schemes for procuring autographs was from a lady in a Western town. She was raising funds for the building and support of a public library, and she had conceived the idea of issuing a volume to be called "The Authors' Receipt Book." Authors from all over the country, the most distinguished of Authors,—always Authors with a capital A,—had been good enough to send her a list of the favorite dishes of their own construction, with their method of making them. The cook-book was one of the many forms of literature to which the recipient had never turned his attention. He had no more idea of cooking than he had of milking a cow, or of harnessing a horse, or of setting a hen, or of building a dynamo. He did not even care what was cooked for him, so long as it contained none of the ingredients of tripe,

and none of the essence of tomato. But he was asked to contribute a paper, which she would have reproduced in *facsimile*, stating what he could prepare, most to his liking, upon a kitchen range, or in a chafing-dish; with his manner of procedure. This quite non-plussed him, until he bethought himself of one particular and peculiar delicacy, in the evolution of which he could safely trust his reputation as an expert. In reply—for which he received no thanks—he said: "Take a long paper-cutter; attach to the same, by means of rubber-bands, and securely, an ink-eraser; insert the ink-eraser, firmly, into a marshmallow plug, and hold the same over a student's lamp, or study-fire, until the marshmallow begins to sizz, drops into the ashes, puts out the light, or burns your hand. And eat while hot!" He has never seen a copy of "The Authors' Receipt Book!"

To most of these petitions, modest and otherwise, and every one of them actually received, some sort of reply has usually been granted at no little sacrifice of time. "But the 'Thank you, Sir,'" was rarely returned. In one particular instance, where no reply was possible, there came, in due course, the very reverse of "thanks." The writer said that she was quite well aware that she was at that moment one of many who preferred similar requests without the slightest claim upon her victim's time or patience. In spite of this too certain knowledge, she ventured (they always "venture") to send a few poems. It was imperative desire that led her to cause this trouble; and having been fortunate enough to find acceptance in various places, she would still like to have the dictum of one whose judgment she felt was assured; to wit, catholic and discriminating, etc., etc.! All of which was very pretty and very flattering; and the poems themselves were not very bad. Stamps were enclosed for their return, and for the victim's catholic and discriminating dictum, but nowhere was any hint given as to the residence or post-office address of the poetess. She lived, then, somewhere on High Street, at No. 85. And that is all that was known about her.

In the course of a few months there came a second letter, this time lacking even the High Street as a guide, and in an envelope, which, as in the former case, had unfortunately been destroyed without a glance at the post-mark. She was deeply hurt, she said, at the neglect; and she was almost ashamed of the marked discourtesy towards a member, if a humble member, of the Guild of Letters. She hinted that if the name at the bottom of her verses had been as famous as that of Mrs. Browning or of Miss Ingelow the result would have been very different; and she went so far as to insinuate that her silent correspondent had, after the manner of his kind, appropriated her stamps to his own base uses!

Among the most trying of begging letters are those which are accompanied by printed books, generally with presentation inscriptions. The volume is, usually, the first venture of some young author, who asks for a published review in the journal with which the recipient is connected; or, failing that, for a personal acknowledgment, with some unprejudiced opinion concerning the work, and some kindly advice for future guidance. The book is, not infrequently, privately printed; it is almost always in verse; its value for the critic to whom it is sent is very small; and the "Thank you, Sir," in this case, is not always so easily said. If it goes to Mr. Howells, to Mr. Aldrich, to Mr. Bridges, or to Mr. Woodbury, the response to the gift is worth, in the autograph market, twice as much as the gift itself.

Certain applications which must, of necessity, meet with a negative answer are requests to an author for the autograph letters he has received and preserved from those of his personal friends who have gone, alas, to that land from which no letters or messages are sent. For weeks after the death of Lowell, of Booth, of Barrett, of Kate Field, of Bunner, of Walcott Balestier, of Lester Wallack, of Celia Thaxter, of du Maurier, concerning whom, at the time, a certain journalist had said something in print, he was deluged with letters which begged letters of theirs. A few



lines of Mrs. Thaxter's, in which she mentioned "The Little Sandpiper," or some of the wild flowers she knew and loved so well, would please a bed-ridden woman, who had never seen the seashore or heard the murmur of the waves, except as Mrs. Thaxter had written of them, and spoken through them, in the pages of her books. A youth, who was president of the Literary Society in the High School of his native village, said, concerning two notes of du Maurier which had been quoted, that, while he would willingly accept either of them, he would very much prefer that one in which the novelist spoke of Fred'k Walker as being, in a way, the original of Little Billee, and which described the music-teacher in Antwerp, upon whom Sven-gali was based. And a professional writer, who should have known better, who said he did not want to part with any of the few letters he himself had received from Barrett, would like, for an unnamed friend, a note of the Protagonist, on paper of the Players Club, and signed in full; failing that, Barrett's book-plate, if autographed, would do! Unfortunately there was sent to the unnamed friend of the friend, a note, consisting of a line or two, accepting an invitation to some little festival; before it was discovered that the friend's friend was a man whom the sender particularly disliked, and who was by no means a favorite with Barrett. It may be added that the friend of the friend was one of the few men to say, "Thank you, Sir." And that was the way he was found out!

The reverse of these pictures is, perhaps, worth painting here, if only for the sake of the moral it teaches. A young girl—she said she was a young girl,—who knew where she lived, on the banks of the Hudson, and who did not neglect to put the address on record, had begun, in her humble way, a collection of autograph notes and letters of literary men. Some of these, already in her possession, were addressed to her father; others had been given to her by her own and her father's friends. Would the present Literary Man kindly, without any trouble to himself,

send to her, in the enclosed stamped envelope, a fragment of manuscript, or a line or two of his own, which she could put into the little book she prized so highly? Of course he complied, and he was so overwhelmed with surprise at her grateful acknowledgment, that he felt it his imperative duty to thank her for thanking him! He asked what she had and what she wanted. She forwarded her modest list, and from his own accumulation, for he keeps everything of that sort, no matter how unimportant it may seem to him, he was able to give her short, impersonal, notes of Mr. Howells, Mr. Warner, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Dobson, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Stockton, and their peers, in each of which was nothing that the writer would not be willing that the whole world should read. And thus, without materially impoverishing himself, he was enabled to enrich her. All because she said, "Thank you, Sir." And "Thank you, Sir" is so easily said!

To the autograph thief may be applied some of the epithets bestowed in "The Book Hunter" upon the extra-illustrator of books. The Grangerite, says Burton, is a sort of literary Attila, or Genghis Khan, who spreads terror and ruin around him; a monster who makes the meat he feeds on. Attila, it will be remembered, a King of the Huns, was called by mediæval writers "the Scourge of God," because of the ruthless and expansive destruction wrought by his arms; Genghis Khan was a Mongol Emperor, who slaughtered, and tortured, and plundered his enemies, and sacked and burned their cities. He was particularly distinguished for his treacherous atrocities and for his thirst for blood and vengeance.

None but the honest, conscientious collector knows of the ruin and terrors spread around him by the monster who steals autographs, or of the ruthless destruction that follows in the wake of his pen-knife or his scissors, whether he pillage for the sake of profit or simply from the spirit of secret hoarding. In one of the large hotels in New York, not long ago, many and grievous were the complaints made to the Man-



I think I have

My dear Mr. Bell

Jan 15. 93

you was not kind of you

to this to write. I am delighted you say

like the beginning of "Trilby" - I wish,

we hope you will like it all the more.

as it was all written of a piece, with

a faithful pen, & so having carefully

made it all out in my head.

"Topsy" is made out of 2 or 3

parts - but I think is only there for

the strength. "Little Billie" is

what I imagine F. Walker might

have been in such circumstances.

But the villain is founded on

a certain Louis Braggie whom I

know in Antwerp & Dispersed - but

more truly increased & bedevilled. I'm

glad you like the plot. The story

cost me much hard, & I haven't finished

than yet - 120 in all.

I trust all will go well with

you & yours for the new year -

& remain

ever yours sincerely

Frederick Macaruso

ager, to the General Post Office, in Washington, to the local sub-station on the next block, to the carriers, and even to the newspapers concerning the mysterious disappearance of important missives posted in the house. It was noticed that they were all from the pens of personages of consequence in the political, literary, or theatrical world, who were guests of the establishment. And finally, when detectives were employed to ferret out the matter, it was discovered that an Attila of a bell-boy had been in the habit of appropriating letters given him to mail. He opened the envelopes, bartered the stamps for chewing-gum or for cream-soda; and, after destroying the body of the documents, he made a comfortable income by selling the signatures to a not very scrupulous dealer, who was willing to give a fair price for "good specimens" of the sign-manual of Mr. Speaker Reed, of Mr. Anthony Hope, or of Miss Ellen Terry.

To a certain semi-professional club to which he belonged, a well-known author presented, once, a complete set of his printed books, writing in each of the volumes his own name, with an appropriate sentiment. Shortly after his death, when the literary journals were full of sketches of his life, appreciative critiques of his work, portraits of him at all ages, views of the houses in which he was born and died, facsimiles of his most familiar verses, and the like, the librarian of the certain club found that some still unknown Genghis Khan, in his thirst for autographic blood, had mutilated many of the presentation copies by cutting out the sentiments and the signatures. It was all done, evidently, by the same ruthless vandal hand; for the instrument used, in each case, was a very sharp one; and it was applied, invariably in the same expert manner. This Mongolian, it is to be hoped, was a servant of the institution, not a member; although club-stewards, as a rule, are not particularly skilful in such matters; they rarely carry about with them keen-cutting blades, unless they are negroes, and then chiefly for attack and defence; they seldom collect autographs for the autographs' sake;

and they are not apt to value the signature of a poet more highly than that of a publican or a prize-fighter!

From the alcoves of an important University Library has disappeared the fly-leaf of a biography of Oliver Cromwell, on which Thomas Carlyle had seen fit to put on record the fact that it had belonged to him. The signature (not a very rare one), without the book, was worth, perhaps, to the trade, some fifty cents; the book (a commonplace edition, poorly printed), without the signature, was worth to the trade, perhaps, half a dollar; the book, *with* the signature, was to the University which owned it absolutely beyond price.

From a private library was taken, some years ago, an especially bound copy of "The Prince and the Pauper," with a peculiarly affectionate, Mark Twainey inscription, from the author to the friend for whom it was bound, and to whom it was given. If its author and its former owner could know of what pleasure and benefit it can be to its present possessor, who cannot exhibit it, who cannot look at it, except in secret, who cannot sell it, or give it away, without giving himself away with it, they might be a little more resigned to the ruin and terror he spread!

Perhaps the worst case of autographic brigandage on record was displayed in the conduct of a young relative of a well-known artist. The artist, a man of unusually interesting personality, died, one day, and was cremated. His enterprising young relative proposed to prepare a memoir of the painter, and he wrote to all his friends for characteristic letters, not too confidential, which might be published in the volume, and might show to the world what manner of man was the deceased, in his private as well as in his professional character. The letters were freely tendered; the volume was never published, nor written; and the letters were sold for the benefit of the young relative! One of his most unfortunate victims, six thousand miles away from the metropolis, received a dealer's catalogue, advertising a number of "exceedingly fine examples," which were written to him, with that fact mentioned, of course,

and which were even quoted in part. Time and space did not permit him to utter a public disclaimer; and he still finds himself in the ignominious position of appearing to have sold for money what no money would have bought. He has never obtained redress. And yet the mediæval authors looked upon the King of the Huns as the most distinguished of the Scourges of Creation!

The truly happy, and, perhaps, the only proper Holographa-maniac is the fortunate man who pilfers nothing; who petitions for nothing; who purchases nothing; but who receives, in a natural way, and who keeps and dearly prizes, what no money can buy, what no money has bought, what no money will ever buy; unless his heirs, executors, administrators, or assignees put them upon the market long after they have lost to him their earthly charm; to wit, the autographs addressed to him, or written for him, not as autographs, but as personal expressions of good fellowship or good will.

Among these may be classed Mr. John Fiske's letters from London in which he tells how he called on the Leweses, once, at the Priory, in St. John's Wood, and found George Eliot sitting on the floor, of all things! with hammer in hand and a mouth full of tacks, putting down the dining-room carpet; and how lonely Mr. Fiske himself would have been, in a strange city, without his wife and his children, if the fellows were not good to him and did not drop in, often, at his lodgings, near the British Museum; the "fellows" being Huxley and Darwin, and Spencer and Tyndall! Then there is a long letter from John Brougham, giving the history of his first play, at his first theatre; and a few lines from Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, saying, "I've just finished 'The Sister's Tragedy,' which I think will like you"; and a note from Mr. George Boughton, illustrated with diagrams of pyramids showing thereby how much more sorry he was to be out when you called than you could possibly have been not to find him at home; and a note from Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, signed by a

caricature of himself, all teeth and all eye-glasses, asking one to dine at the Star and Garter at Richmond, to celebrate the birthday of a gentleman, whose name is not mentioned, but who is represented in a clever pictorial way, as a personage writing words with one hand and catching salmon with the other, and is easily recognized as William Black. Added to these there may be little poems by Mr. Austin Dobson, by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, all saying—which the recipient tries to believe to be true—how much they like him, and all written on the fly-leaves of books of theirs, sent on the day of publication. And then, too, are the bits of sentiment, the scraps of original verse, with all sorts of bad and almost impossible rhymes on one's name; and pretty little sketches of places and persons and things known and loved for their association's sake, put into guest-books or birthday-books by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, by Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, by Mrs. Custer, by Miss Helen Keller, by Florence, Booth, Barrett, Wallack, by Dr. Heber Newton, by Frank Stockton, by Mr. Blashfield, by Mr. Henry M. Bacon, by Mr. Beckwith, by Mr. Vedder, by Mr. Zorn—men and women whom the owner of the books likes so much; and men and women whose friendship, and the expression of it, no money of any amount can buy!

That money might have bought some of these things has been shown in a curious and gratifying way on several interesting occasions.

One morning, some time after the close of our Civil War, there called at a literary workshop in New York an aged lady, bearing a personal letter of introduction from William Cullen Bryant. She hesitated to occupy valuable time; and then she proceeded to occupy some sixty minutes of time in the narration of her troubles and trials during the late conflict. She had lived on the borders; her home was desolate; her possessions were scattered and lost; her income was reduced to a pittance. But, by the financial aid of

the ever-generous members of her Guild of Letters, so prosperous, now, in the North, she had a scheme by which she felt assured she could not only help her neighbors on the banks of the river James, and incidentally herself, but could do great service to American Letters, the country over. The member of her guild listened as patiently as he could to her plan. He explained to her that he was not a prosperous author, and that he had no acquaintance with authors who were prosperous in that particular way; that the claims upon him were many and great, and more than he could meet; and that he must be forced, with no little natural regret, to decline the opportunity which she had so kindly given him to subscribe to her work. However, as she had kept a cab at the door from eleven to twelve of the clock, at a dollar an hour, here was, if she would condescend to accept it, a dollar-bill to cover the cost of her entertaining visit. She took the money. And an enthusiastic collector offered two dollars and a half for the letter from Bryant!

A friend of Irving's—then Mr. Irving, not Sir Henry—was lucky enough to be the actor's guest some years ago, at a breakfast he gave, at Delmonico's, to Edwin Booth. With the others present at the symposium, this lucky friend put his name upon a menu-card, and passed it along the table. It came back to him, in due course, with the signatures of the host, of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, of Charles Dudley Warner, of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, of Augustin Daly, of Booth, Barrett, Lester Wallack, John McCullough, Harry Edwards, and William J. Florence, in the order given. Because, as it was discovered long afterwards, the bit of paper contained thirteen names, and because six of the actors there present had signed it in succession, and had all quitted for ever the stage of life, a fabulous price was offered for it by the same enthusiastic collector, who would never for a moment have thought of parting with it if it had been his own, and had come to him in the same direct and pathetic way.

Irving, dining in a New York house,

one December night, not long ago, expressed much interest in certain proofs of engravings of Mr. John S. Sargent's Players-Club portraits of Booth, Barrett, and Mr. Jefferson, which were hanging in the hall. His host saw a way of reciprocating some of Irving's many acts of hospitality and courtesy on both sides of the Atlantic; and he had a set of the three proofs mounted and sent, as Christmas cards. The morning when the reply came,—Irving always says, "Thank you, Sir,"—this very same enthusiastic collector was sitting at the breakfast table, and he read the letter. It was a four-page epistle, all in Irving's handwriting, a very unusual performance, because he almost invariably dictates to Mr. Bram Stoker, his manager, or to his secretary; and it was full of the kindest, most tenderly affectionate words of appreciation of the two good friends, Booth and Barrett, whom he had lost by death, and of the good friend left to him, Mr. Jefferson, who he hoped might long be spared as an ornament and shining example to his profession. It is one of the best "examples" of Irving extant, for the reason of its manner and its matter. And as such the enthusiastic collector offered Twenty-five Dollars for it, down! That same morning's mail had brought the bill for the proofs, One Dollar each. And thus in his efforts to get even with Irving the donor of the pictures had made an apparent pecuniary profit of over seven hundred *per centum* on the investment. But no man can ever expect to get even with Irving!

One or two examples of a sincere appreciation of autographs in humble and unexpected corners of the world may be cited here. The recipient of a Post-Office notice that a foreign book from an unknown source awaited his personal application and the payment of legal fees, called for it in due season. At the clerk's window he remarked that he was willing to wager fifty cents that the book was not worth the fifty cents charged for it; when the official replied that he would give fifty cents for the wrapper! The piece of brown paper contained, in his own handwriting, the



name of Henry Irving! How, under the somewhat anomalous circumstances, it was recognized as genuine, and how it was recognized at all,—for Irving's chirography, while "characteristic," is never, even at its best, very legible,—is still a mystery.

Opposite the Black Jack Tavern, in Portsmouth Street, near Portugal Street, London, stands, or once stood, a curious, irregular little building which claimed to be "The Original Old Curiosity Shop." No hint is anywhere given, in the book itself, as to the exact situation of the home of the Trent family or even as to the neighborhood in which the Trents lived. But the house in question must have been very familiar to Dickens, lying, as it did, in the direct line of his many walks from the Strand to the Lincoln's Inn Chambers of his friend John Forster; in which chambers, by the way, he placed, and killed, Mr. Tulkinghorn, the family solicitor of the Dedlocks. If there is nothing to prove that it *was* the dwelling-place of Little Nell, there is nothing to show that it was *not*; and on the strength of the might-have-been it was an object of no little interest and reverence on the part of visitors to London, especially of visitors from the United States. Two Americans who had made a particular study of the scenes of the stories of Dickens, who knew, or thought they knew, "Tom-All-Alone's," the dwelling of Bob Sawyer, the rooms of Mr. Dorrit in the Marshalsea, Tom Pinch's Chambers in the Temple, and many more, knew well this alleged Old Curiosity Shop; and often did they pass it and discuss it, and wonder about it, with no thought of entering it ever occurring to them.

At last, one day, during what she called a "Dickens Pilgrimage," they showed it to Miss Mary Anderson, then playing her first theatrical engagement in London. Without a moment's hesitation she opened the door and walked in, her two guides following meekly in her wake. The establishment had sunk in the social and mercantile scale, and had descended to the depths of the rag-and-bottle trade; with nothing attractive or romantic in

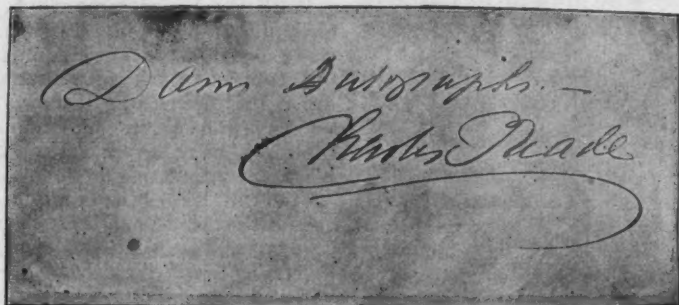
its interior aspect. The occupant, an aged woman typical of her class, and peculiarly typical of London, received her visitors cordially enough. She was evidently used to such inspection, especially on the part of Americans, and quite as evidently she was proud of her surroundings, and of the attention paid them. She, at all events, believed firmly in the authenticity of the legend; and she did not seem to doubt for a moment that she was the direct successor of the famous curator of the emporium. She exhibited in a cheerful, chirpy way, the little that was to be seen; and finally she led her visitors into the sitting-room, which she assured them had been little Nell's own apartment. Here, the hour being five of the afternoon, she produced the inevitable cups, caddy, and kettle, and brewed the never-failing tea. She and Miss Anderson did all the talking; and in an equally marked manner they showed how much they were mutually impressed. The young actress, not unknown to fame, but hitherto unrecognized by her new acquaintance, told who she was, and asked her hostess to be her guest that night at the Lyceum, writing out in her big, irregular, scrawling hand, a document which read: "Pass my friend Mrs. Betty Higden" (that was not the name, but it is the name by which Miss Anderson always speaks of her to this day).—"Pass my friend Mrs. Betty Higden and party to the stalls to-night."

The pass was never used! A year or two later, making another "Dickens Pilgrimage," Miss Anderson, this time acting herself as guide to an especially conducted party of her countrymen and countrywomen, called again on Mrs. Higden, and found the paper, neatly framed, with a photograph of "Galatea" hanging, in the place of honor, over the spot where is supposed to have stood little Nell's bed. "So you did not come to see the play after all?" she said, a little disappointed. "Oh, yes; we saw the pl'y. But when we found we'd 'ave to give h'up the h'order, or give h'up the stalls, we give h'up the stalls, and kep' the h'order. And we pried h'our w'y into the pit!"



Miss Anderson declares this to be the most gratifying indirect compliment she ever received. And for once, and by a plain, ignorant little cockney tradeswoman, in a very humble way the "Thank you!" so easily said, but so rarely said, was said, most silently but most gracefully. Thank you, good Mrs. Higden, for saying it!

(To be Continued)



## To a Turkey

By CECIL ARYM

O LUSCIOUS friend! Thou liest in regal state—  
 Thy tender wings so cruelly pinioned tight,  
 Thy dainty flesh a brown so crisp and light  
 To set my teeth in thee I scarce can wait,  
 Thy birth to judge as early or as late:  
 For surely thou 'rt delicious unto sight;  
 No mortal mouth but waters for a bite  
 Of thy stuffed comfort, baked and browned by fate.

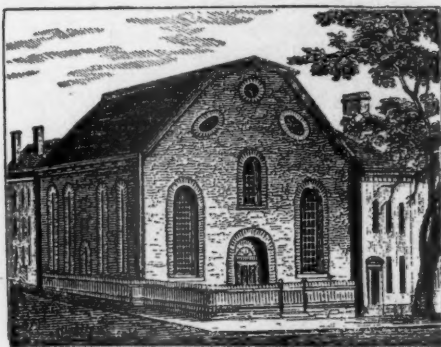
'T is but few days since down the poultry yard  
 Thou stalkd 'st with fellow turkeys, side by side.  
 Ah, life is cruel! Fate is passing hard!  
 And in thy frizzled state thou fain must bide  
 In dew-besprinkled parsley leaves embowered,  
 Until by hungry youth or age devoured.

# New York Fifty Years Ago\*

## SECOND PAPER

Here's the church and here's the steeple,  
Open the door and see all the people.

A STATEMENT perfectly intelligible to the baby wise enough to interpret aright the manipulations of your two hands, as he gravely inspects the flat-roofed meeting-house built neatly by your doubled fist, approves the steeple suddenly springing into the air and crows over the congregation within on tiptoe for a flight to somewhere.



THE GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH, 1767

At the epoch in question young New York was certainly exulting in her steeples with infant glee. The simple buildings for devotional purposes, copied from earlier originals in New England and Pennsylvania, together with the more pretentious classic models and outgrowths from other structures adapted by the Dutch to their needs, —structures which did not particularly imitate anything in heaven or on earth, all alike began to seem very primitive to the aspirants after gentility and finer environments. A desire for the beautiful was undoubtedly rampant, though there was a painful shortcoming in attaining it. We speak, of course, from the firm æsthetic standard of this present year, when true art is

felt instinctively by the most unarchitectural layman of us all and when nothing ugly is ever perpetrated in our civic presence.

With the fifties came, then, a burst of building fever like a reversed cyclone over the town raising up and razing, too, when the ancient landmarks obstructed the path. Several long-surviving, honest lined, quaint little buildings were swept off in the first blast. An interesting German-Lutheran and an odd little French church, both protesting in their every brick against the slightest approach to conventional ecclesiastical features, lived long enough to have their pictures taken; but as they belong to the archæology of an older New York rather than to our fifties we pass them by, only remarking that they were refreshing in their simplicity.

The typical new growth was an attempt at Gothic, but, as a matter of fact, the architects ran riot in an eclecticism of a most catholic order. And the result of their imaginative flights? Our anonymous *Putnam Monthly* critic, who was, by the way, Clarence Cook, is very sweeping in his denunciations of some of the architectural crimes perpetrated by his New



THE OLD FRENCH CHURCH, 1704

York contemporaries; and his words may be properly quoted here and there as we glance at a few churches of the fifties with his eyes and our own. The

\* The illustrations for this article are reproduced from wood engravings made for *Putnam's Magazine* in 1893-1894.

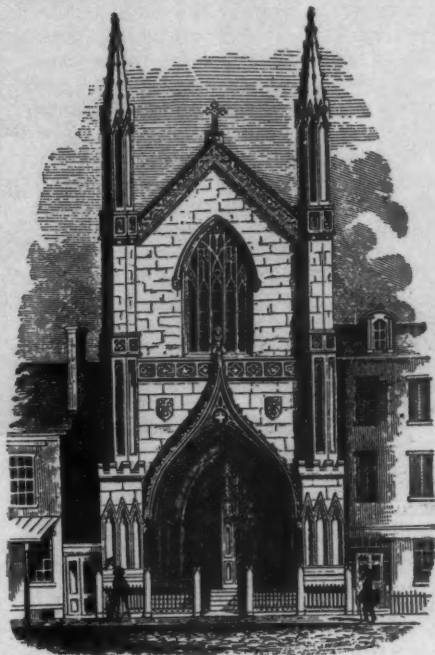
Gothic fever in America did not please him for two reasons. He thought that it failed in arriving and that there was an inherent antagonism between the form and its purpose for the majority of American churches. The architecture was closely allied with the past. Those who copy the churches of the fourteenth century might desire to revive the worship to which they were consecrated, he thought. True it is that these fifty years have seen an unimpeded advance of what our forbears would indeed have considered strange usages and dangerous commemorations. What count did our ante-bellum Congregational, Baptist, Unitarian peoples take of Easter-tide, for example? How many New York churches to-day, however puritanic their origin, entirely ignore that lovely festival or fail to note its coming with flowers and music—observances that had almost no part to play in the fifties outside of the Episcopal and Romanist organizations?

Though not the first Gothic church actually erected here, Trinity is the oldest that we know to-day, and it was then in its early youth. Grace Church followed shortly. Robert Dale Owen calls the latter a sparkling specimen on a small scale of a cathedral, with transept in the style of Gothic prevailing on the European continent about the commencement of the fifteenth century,—"the early flamboyant." Our author differs from this opinion and gently suggests that all which flams is *not* flamboyant. Grace Church has improved since it was declared that it was no credit to its architect. Its steeple is now stone instead of painted wood, a material which masqueraded in many New York Gothic outer semblances, to Mr. Cook's intense disgust expressed in such caustic and unrelenting terms that very strained relations are reported to have resulted between him and various architects busied with the new churches.

So beautiful was and is the site of Grace Church, however, that its faults were outweighed. Just at the turn of Broadway as it is, it commands a sweep of view afforded to few edifices on this island. Nor has its steeple suffered by

the aspiring stories of its neighbors, as has that of the mother church.

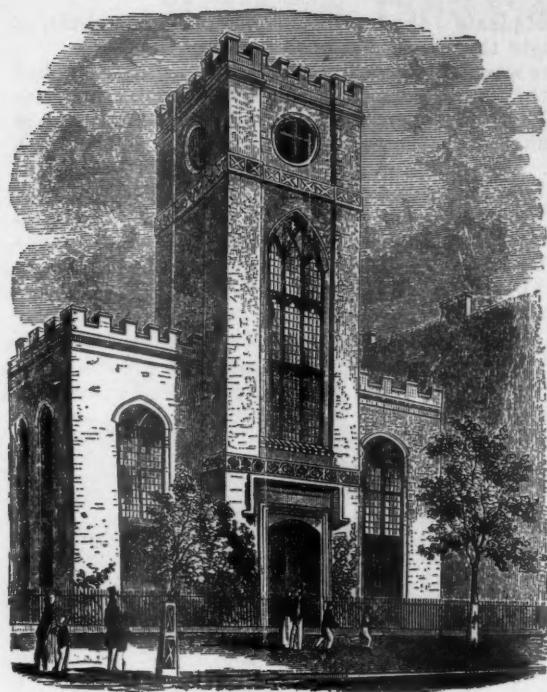
Trinity steeple is actually looked down upon now by its dominating commercial and business associates. When the new Trinity Buildings to the north flank the giant Empire on the south, forlorn and crushed indeed will the poor spire look, which once rose so gracefully far above the mass of houses



THE CHURCH OF THE DIVINE UNITY

and clustered masts. The spirit of irrepressible saliency ascribed by some writer to a Gothic steeple, is sadly repressed here. No one would now say patronizingly, "Trinity is a fine building—yes, very fine, but it is all spire," as they are reported to have said when Richard Upjohn's work was fresh from his hands.

In spite of their insolent and frowning neighbors, both Trinity and dear, sturdy Christopher-Wrenish St. Paul's remain placid and attractive denizens of the down-town whirl. Several of our squares owe their existence to the previous tenancy of the dead, whose



THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH

occupancy prevented building. The dead of Trinity and St. Paul's still lie undisturbed in their graves, but their tombs now offer pleasant spots for noon-day respite. "Robertina" left her New York in 1819, but if she could see a tired typewriter reposing restfully against her brown tombstone with its simple legend, in the sheltering shade of St. Paul's when the July sun is blazing without the gates, she might rejoice that her brief story in stone was doing other service than preserving her name to posterity. And the comfortable high flat tombs! How nice they are! How wise, too, is the ruling of the Trinity vestry that the direction "Keep off the grass" need not be rigidly enforced by their guardians. Their daily visitors may rest awhile to breathe freely over the sleeping tenants who do not resent this use of the sod above. Trinity leases have often blocked the erection of good buildings because those who built preferred to own their

ground, but these particular plots in the down-town churchyards are very precious bits to have remained under the ultimate control of the vestry. The dead hands hold their leaseholds firmly for living workers.

To return to ecclesiastical architecture and to our critic's laments that New York architects had no conception of originality. If that alone, the novel and the unexpected, were the sum of his desire he might have been enraptured with this church of the Divine Unity on Broadway between Prince and Spring Streets. Only a narrow front filling a house lot appears on the street. The church proper could not expand until it reached the yard space, so that the auditorium was entered by a long, gloomy passageway. One guide-book declares that the "interior of the church is finished in more

perfect Gothic style than any other building in the city and that it is very beautiful and worthy of attention." Perhaps it was, but its beauty did not seem to have a reposeful influence on its possessors. It was built for the Unitarians, who had first been forced to hold their services in the lecture-room of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. No congregation would permit them the use of their edifice at off hours for fear of doctrinal contamination.

By 1855, however, the Unitarians had cast off this building, the second church owned by them in New York, and had sold it to a Universalist body under Dr. Chapin.

After a brief interval of preaching in a hall, Dr. Bellows was installed in All Souls Church on Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street, where red and white zebra-like stripes are still familiar sights at this half-century end.

In their turn the Universalists moved



on, and Broadway has long since forgotten this "lovely specimen of pure Gothic."

Farther north on Broadway, near Astor Place, was another Unitarian Church, built in attempted imitation of a cathedral. It has vanished now, so the critic's words may be quoted in memoriam.

We remember the dumb astonishment with which in our youth we gazed at the mahogany miracles, yclept severally a pulpit and an organ, which set the carpenters into an envious frenzy. We remember all these things, and we sigh as we find that an intelligent audience still holds the church, and gazes, year after year, at these poor attempts without the slightest qualms of conscience, or the slightest apparent symptoms of an outraged taste. The exterior, with its staring, useless tower, its very ugly and unmeaning window over the principal entrance, and its side entrance, half door and half window, are merely accessory pieces of ill taste which entirely correspond with the remainder of the building.

Somewhat over-harsh adjectives for that old Church of the Messiah, whose exterior, as it appears in this cut, is surely better than many other edifices existing here when Dr. Osgood was preaching to the intelligent congregation in '55. They moved up to Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, taking the name with them. The building passed through strange reverses, being used for Niblo's Theatre and minor shows like Old London Street before it finally gave way to newcomers in business lines.

More pleasing is this First Baptist Church on Broome Street. Simplicity and solidity lend a certain dignity to the building in spite of some alienating features. Shortly after 1855 a very brilliant young theological student, Kingman Nott, preached here and carried his hearers so far in their enthusiasm that they invited him to become their pastor as soon as he should be ordained. His ministry was cut short by his death by drowning at the end of two years—years recorded in Baptist annals as wonderfully rich in spiritual life. This congregation, too, went northwards with the population, but the edi-

fice remains, its façade and two odd little turrets unchanged by time. It was sold to, and is still used by, the German Lutherans, a congregation dating its entity from 1664, when the freer policy of the English conquerors removed some of the theological restrictions imposed by the Dutch government of Manhattan. The Germans had hastened to import a minister from their own fatherland, an action definitely forbidden in New Amsterdam ten years previously. In 1654 the disappointed Lutherans had appealed to the worshipful Directors of the West India Company, begging them to veto Stuyvesant's decree. But they decided to encourage no other doctrine on Manhattan than the true Reformed. They endorsed the governor's determination to exclude Lutheran divines from the colony and further instructed him to use all moderate exertions to allure the misguided people to the Calvinist fountain. The Lutherans attempted to ignore the prohibition; but John Ernest Goetwater, despatched by a Dutch congregation in the mother city to their succor, was not allowed to stay in New Amsterdam. Stuyvesant forced him to return as an ineligible immigrant.

The minute that Nicholls was in possession, the Lutherans hastened to avail themselves of English protection to hear the tenets they accepted.



THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, BROOME STREET





ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL

Privileges were given here that would have been refused in England, while the Dutch persistently furthered a less tolerant policy in their colonies than prevailed in the Netherlands. Verily if the truly great have nothing to do with consistency, these actions are tokens of magnitude.

Another erection still existing also has the stamp of novelty, but we cannot agree with Mr. Cook in his lenient opinion that the architect had a feeling for picturesque effect. Of all the horrors which sprang into being in the fifties, the Church of the Holy Redeemer on Third Street is one of the very worst specimens. Perhaps it was an effort to be fair that led our critic to say a kindly word for the tower, for he is severe enough upon the combination of pretense and poverty in the remainder of the structure. All the advantages enjoyed by the steeple unimpeded by obstructions of man or nature, it still possesses. Third Street rises no higher now than it did fifty years ago. The building is still the dominant feature of the region and, being in the hands of the Catholics, its first intention has not been changed because tastes have altered. It fulfills

its mission in the poor German quarter in spite of its pitiful defects in architectural beauty.

This quondam cathedral of St. Patrick, too, did not lapse to business uses when Archbishop Hughes completed his project of an up-town cathedral. The more stately epithet was transferred, but the original slipped modestly into line as St. Patrick's Church, and continues to be used as a place of worship for the faithful to whom Fiftieth Street would be a Sabbath-day's journey rarely undertaken. Once the structure suffered seriously by fire but it was restored in the same style.

Before leaving the east side a pause is due to St. George's, the same, and yet changed from the original. Not very long ago the two towers still existed with their stately outlook across the twin squares. They are the firm background of the early associations of certain children who began their education in the quiet Friends' Seminary hard by and whose play-life was in the squares. The edifice was half destroyed by fire in the early sixties and rebuilt. Years afterwards it was discovered that the spires had not retained their ancient sturdiness after the shock. They were

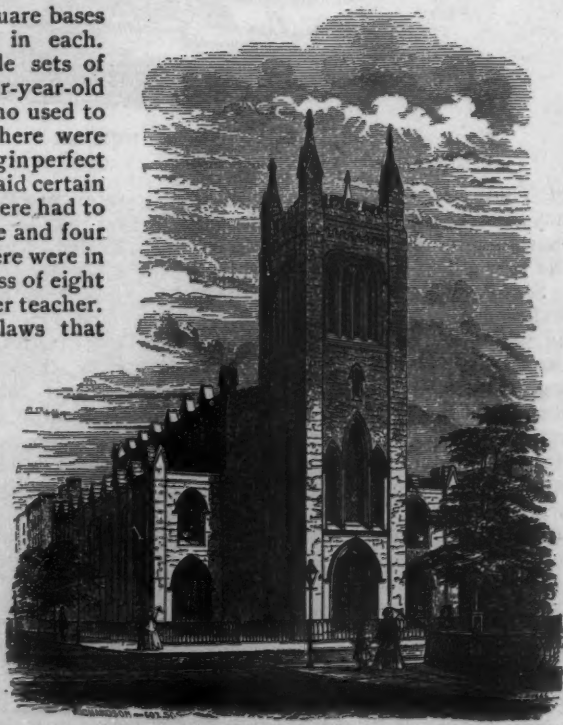


THE CHURCH OF THE PURITANS

taken down, leaving their square bases with the four clock-faces in each. What a puzzle those double sets of faces were to a certain four-year-old scholar in the seminary, who used to speculate as to whether there were equal numbers of ticks ticking in perfect unison, just as the children said certain lessons, and as to whether there had to be four girl ticks on one side and four boys in the other just as there were in the evenly divided infant class of eight under the sweet-faced Quaker teacher. Innocent of kindergarten laws that Friend must have been or she would not have been so reprimanding when shyly queried about the infant chorus in the towers. She wrought confusion in the questioner's mind by her explanation, a confusion increased by sterner contempt from a mechanical-minded six-year-old brother to whom the question was next carried. Courage for further investigation was completely crushed, and the relation between ticks, faces, and

infant scholars remained a profound mystery for years. In comparison with that two-towered first ecclesiastical acquaintance all other churches seemed absurdly lop-sided to that ignorant seeker after truth, just as the first sight of an assembly with men and women on the same benches seemed a strange revolt against the natural and established balanced order of the universe. The calmness of the simple meeting-house and the beauty of St. George's remained the child's ideal for all buildings also naturally divided into two classes. Certainly there were few better specimens of architecture in New York whereon to build first impressions. Both were at least marked by a real sincerity lacking in the majority of New York churches ambitious to discard every outward sign of their puritanic ancestry.

Here, for instance, is the Church of the Puritans on Union Square, the site



CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, FIFTH AVENUE



THE CITY HALL, 1865

of Tiffany's. This edifice greatly annoyed our critic because one side is marble while the unseen inner side and the rear are of brick plastered.

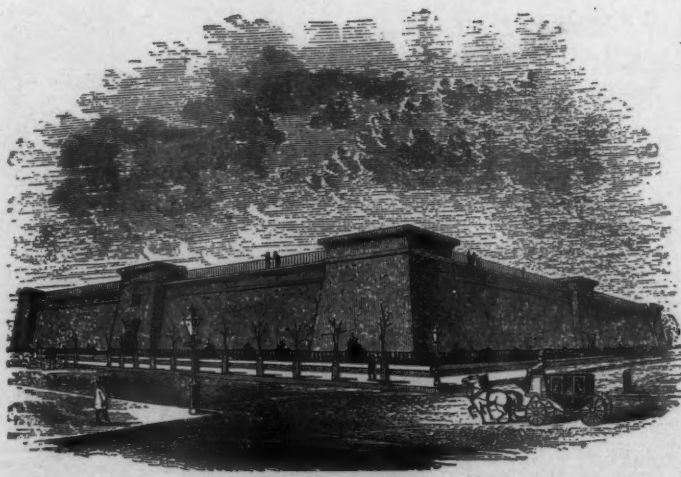
Somewhere Ruskin describes his feelings when, mounted on a ladder, he peers behind a statue and finds the back unhewn stone. The fact that the sculptor was executed for another crime seemed to Ruskin a fit sequence to this enormity. In this opinion Mr. Cook would have coincided. Sincerity of execution is his one standard in measuring excellence. His cry for it seems to have been in advance of the prevailing note of his time. The minister of this particular church was, however, certainly not insincere, whatever his edifice may have been in architectural detail. Dr. Cheever excited the antagonism of some of his fellow-Congregationalists by his fearless utterances anent slavery while the Northern con-

science was still vibrating uncertainly on that point. Heavy reprimands were hurled at him by some of them. Possibly that was the reason why, when the leasehold of the ground was sold in 1868, Dr. Cheever gave the proceeds to the Presbyterians on the condition that they should name the church built with it the Church of the Puritans. This stipulation was complied with and the church stands to-day on 130th Street, west of Fifth Avenue.

It is easy to agree with Mr. Cook that the First Presbyterian Church in its spacious site on Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street is a pleasing building. It still enjoys its whole block. But the equestrians no longer prance so gaily in front of it. They have all disappeared, those bold riders who grace the views of the time not only of Fifth Avenue but of Broadway, in spite of the complaints that that



THE CITY PRISON



THE CROTON RESERVOIR AT FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-SECOND STREET





FIFTH AVENUE AND TENTH STREET

thoroughfare was considered a turmoil of confusion.

Surprising it is that the church has held its own. Another Presbyterian edifice farther north on Fifth Avenue long since left its down-town home and went to Fifty-fifth Street. In moving that congregation did a pleasant act. Their building on Nineteenth Street was taken down carefully and sent off to a sister society in the country, every stone carefully numbered so that it could be easily rebuilt.

The Church of the Ascension, too, remains unchanged—a pleasant monument of Mr. Upjohn's period.

Among the civic buildings mentioned, three have vanished, the Lower Arsenal, the old Tombs, and the Forty-second Street Reservoir. This last deserves one more word, because its very existence will be forgotten by the multitude thronging the Public Library upspringing on the site where the staid Egyptian lines were once familiar. The reservoir, "built as solidly and likely to endure as long as the pyramids," ceased to be the vaunted mainspring of health and comfort to the population

whose fountains and hydrants it supplied, long before its site was rededicated to other purposes.

It was far too small, and it had to go, and its very solidity of construction was simply so much inconvenience, a ponderous barrier to civic transformation. Sixteen months were consumed in destroying the structure, so honest had been the work of erection; and the long demolition seemed to prove the worthlessness of stability in this world of changing needs.

The High Bridge aqueduct preserves its beauty indeed, though the flatter iron span of its Washington companion to the north partially mars the effect of the many lovely arches, really the most satisfactory work of man on Manhattan Island. It, too, has proven inadequate to the task of bringing into New York all the water required, but we hope that no present-day needs will lead to the removal of this witness that some beauty could come out of the middle nineteenth century.



COLLEGE PLACE AND MURRAY STREET



When private residences stand for their portraits, our author says that in describing them he does not feel at liberty to bring in any question of cost or to touch on any feature not patent to the public. How his taste would revolt at the figures poured out upon sight-seers by the personal conductors who descant on New York values from the vantage-ground of certain automobiles. Their information is in superlatives and airily runs up more columns of ciphers than most heads can readily digest.

This dwelling on College Place is a pleasant memento of the classic period of our domestic architecture before the Gothic rise. It looks, however, far less agreeable as a residence than the Frenchman's house on Fifth Avenue—a mixture of French and Italian features, but still suggestive of large rooms and good proportions within. Other individual mansions of this period that remain on Fifth Avenue and elsewhere are very similar to this last, and a fairly good type it certainly was so long as elbow-room permitted light on four sides. But in the fifties a sense of space was beginning to be lost. With all her criticism Mrs. Trollope declares that New York is a lovely and noble city, that Broadway's nobility could vie with any street in the world in length, breadth, handsome shops, neat awnings, excellent bottom, and well-dressed pedestrians. She finds charming villas scattered over the island, covering all the land left free by the city streets. Within the town she thinks the houses elegant, criticising one feature alone with severity—the folding-doors between drawing and dining-room. This she pronounces an insufficient barrier and one that no civilized nation would endure—another proof that Americans had not inherited a British sense of privacy.



LAFAYETTE PLACE

In a way she couples this lack of reserve with our dislike of criticisms such as that of Basil Hall, who is "entirely free from exaggeration." "Other nations have been called thin-skinned, but the citizens of the Union apparently have no skins at all. They wince if a breeze blows over them unless it be tempered with adulation." She compares America to a bride, the husband being Independence, for whom alone she has eyes. Later, when she has learned a little coquetry, she will know how to *faire l'aimable* to other nations.

A digression from the houses arising from Mrs. Trollope's concession that New York was fair to see in the thirties. It must be acknowledged that as a city it was less fair twenty years later, when Miss Bremer came. Blocks had begun to rise in terrible uniformity. Villas and farms were not, but long stretches of half-abandoned no-man's land were very dreary. Miss Bremer, however, finds many congenial people, Mrs. Trollope almost none. Most delightful and sympathetic glimpses does the



TWENTIETH STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE

Swede give of Emerson, of Parker, Channing, Downing, Field, and a score of other Americans who either went out of their way to welcome her or whom she sought on their own ground. She seemed to have a common tongue with us, as Mrs. Trollope did not, so that there is more weight in the latter's commendation when she finds something to admire as she admires New York. Miss Bremer does not like the uniformity which was becoming more and more prevailing in the fifties. The streets thought worthy of being commemorated show certain rather pretentious blocks. The colonnade row on Lafayette Place—whose faded gentility is familiar to the Astor Library readers—had been counted the most ornamental block in its quarter for fifteen years, and was evidently admired by our critic in spite of some blemishes. Waverley Place, Sixteenth Street opposite St. George's Church, Fifth Avenue from Twelfth Street—all are portrayed with their new rows of houses. Except the first, which has begun to depart, they are still intact. East Fourteenth Street is unrecognizable. This block on Twentieth Street has not departed, but may be noticed as one of the attempts to

introduce novel and original features into our streets. We doubt if even "the inexperienced eye would be taken by the novelty and prettiness," so manifestly pinchbeck and out of place are the Gothic effects. More pretentious is London Terrace, erected by Mr. Horseley Palmer of the Bank of England. "The design consists of Grecian pilasters and entablatures of the height of three stories; but the pilasters are too tall and too near together, the windows look like the stage-box of a theatre, and the whole front has the flat character of joiner's work"—a description that would tally to-day did any one think it worth while to notice the block at all from an architectural point of view, so out of consideration has it passed.

The problem of the block and the difficulties of housekeeping were beginning to be much discussed in the New York press. N. P. Willis declares that people have an undue prejudice in favor of their own front door, and that city life would be more comfortable with less space. Many families only used two floors of their four-story house, whose pretensions to gentility would not permit them to let the upper rooms. Why, he goes on to say,

should not an enterprising landlady buy the middle house of a block, and lease the upper floors of her neighbors, who could cut off all communication between second and third stories and preserve their private entrances. The landlady could then have a series of small suites to let, wherein people might enjoy the privacy of home and the comforts of a hotel. *Ecco* the first suggestion of the hotel apartment now rife in the town, and not one has been named the N. P. Willis!

One more view. This is the Waddell house on the corner of Thirty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, where famous entertainments were offered to the cream of New York society. Here were gatherings of the Upper Ten, where the author of the *Potiphar Papers* brought his observation to bear. How they have vanished, that ten thousand! replaced by the more exclusive four hundred, who are again—if we may be-

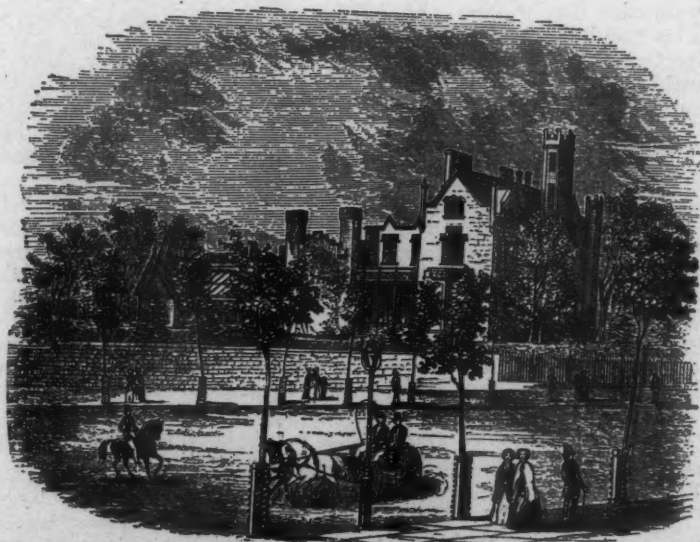
lieve a summer report from Newport—decimated.

There were reporters in those days, too, less reluctant to intrude into private premises than our critic. One of these dips his pen into hyperbole to describe a ball given by Mrs. Waddell in February, 1854, when the building, like a castle in dreamland, and the dresses bespoke a marvellous intelligence and refinement.

Enough of prying into the past, with its virtues and its failings.

But all I see and all I'm told  
Till night from early morn here,  
I would n't tell for all the gold  
Unfound in California,

writes a correspondent of that epoch from this "bewildering Babel." And we will take her word for it that there was more in the wonderful New York of 1855 than met the eye.



FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET

# Mr. Aldrich's Dramatic Poem, "Judith of Bethulia"

By JOHN D. BARRY

IN Boston, on the thirteenth of last October, Miss Nance O'Neil produced a play by Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, founded on the Apocryphal story of Judith and Holofernes and called "Judith of Bethulia."\* The production was sumptuous; the audience was large and distinguished; the performance was followed with enthusiasm, and Mr. Aldrich was led several times before the curtain by Miss O'Neil and called on to make a speech. As the author persistently refused to speak, Miss O'Neil falteringly explained that, after a great deal of urging, she had persuaded Mr. Aldrich to write the play for her, and she expressed her delight in the privilege of producing it. The production, though witnessed by four large audiences in Boston, was severely treated by the local press. It was kept in reserve by Miss O'Neil till the third week of her New York engagement, when it was received less enthusiastically by the public but with considerable critical approval.

After a long and successful practice of his rare and delicate art, in verse and prose, Mr. Aldrich may be said to be, in one sense, a novice in play-writing. That is, he has never before written for the stage a play long enough to fill an evening. Many years ago, however, he did write a strong one-act drama, "Mercedes," which was produced by Mr. A. M. Palmer with Miss Julia Arthur as the chief figure, and many of his poems he has cast in the dramatic form. Moreover, he has always been a close student of the drama, not merely of dramatic literature, but of the current theatre. From early youth he was one of the most intimate of Edwin Booth's friends and closely associated with Booth's theatrical interests. Consequently, when he wrote a play for Miss O'Neil, he deliberately prepared a work to be

measured by the standards of the acting-drama as well as by the standards of literature.

Already Mr. Aldrich had written one of his most ambitious poems on the subject of Judith, and, in developing his play, he had the advantage of being able to follow in the footsteps of the Italian playwright, Giacometti, whose crude, violent, yet powerful "Judith," till recently held a conspicuous place in Miss O'Neil's repertory. In outlining his work he set himself a hard task, to present as the chief figure in a tragedy an austere woman controlled by one idea, the saving of her country from the besieging enemy. The character of Judith made a romantic complication exceedingly difficult, and, in solving the problem, Mr. Aldrich had the fine inspiration of letting her fall in love with Holofernes. On this conception alone a great drama might have been constructed, and if Mr. Aldrich did not seize his advantage, it was because his taste and his sensibility held him back. What he did do could, in its way, have hardly been done better; the pity is that he gave himself so short a rein. Instead of writing a powerful tragedy, he chose to present a series of scenes, beautifully poetic, full of sensuous charm and tenderness of feeling, but deficient in coherence, vigor, and in the deeper human complications that appeal to the heart and thrill the imagination. He had the courage to write in blank verse, and throughout he has maintained an extraordinary smoothness and a grace of diction that frequently rises to an impassioned eloquence. In the first of the two scenes of the first act, he indicates the situation of the Jews in Bethulia:

Hunger and thirst and fever rule us now.  
The people threaten to break down the gates  
Unless within the limit of five days

\* Houghton, Mifflin Co.



We somehow get them bread and meat and drink,  
Or come to terms with the Assyrians.

The scene is largely pictorial, sustained wholly by the talk of subordinate characters, and it has reference to Judith merely by establishing her spotless character, her renown for good deeds among the poor, and her suffering. It is not until in the second scene that we see the woman. Her entrance is gracefully prepared by the speech of Achior, a deserter from Holofernes' camp with its idolatries, and now a staunch supporter of the Jews—the worshipper of one God.

As soon as she speaks, Judith is shown to be a woman of heroic qualities, sustained by a sublime faith in God. In reply to hopeless forebodings of coming doom she cries, like a prophetess:

This night I had a dream  
Not born of sleep, for both my eyes were wide,  
My sense alive—a vision, if thou wilt,  
Of which the scattered fragments in my mind  
Are as the fragments of a crystal vase  
That, slipping from a slave-girl's careless hand,  
Falls on the marble. No most cunning skill  
Shall join the pieces and make whole the vase.  
So with my vision. I seem still to hear  
Weird voices round me, inarticulate,  
Words shaped and uttered by invisible lips.  
At whiles there seems a palm prest close to mine  
That fain would lead me somewhere. I know not  
What all portends. Some great event is near.  
Last night celestial spirits were on wing  
Over the city. As I sat alone  
Within the tower, alone yet not alone,  
A strangest silence fell upon the land;  
Like to a sea-mist stretching east and west  
It spread, and close on this there came a sound  
Of snow-soft plumage rustling in the dark,  
And voices that such magic whisperings made  
As the sea makes at twilight on a strip  
Of sand and pebbles. Suddenly I saw—  
Look, look, Ozias! Charmis, Chabris, look!  
See ye not, yonder, a white mailed hand  
That with its levelled finger points through air?  
See, it still lingers, like a silver mist!  
It changes, fades, and then comes back again!  
And now 't is ruby-red—as red as blood!

The sign points to the Eastern gate, leading to the camp of Assur, where lie the enemy. Judith announces her intention of going to Holofernes and saving her country, though the mis-

sion cost her life. Achior pleads with her; but she waves him aside.

One might naturally expect the second act to open in the camp of Holofernes; but the dramatist has chosen to divide it into two scenes, allowing Judith to be first observed, magnificently attired and wearing costly jewels, passing through the streets of Bethulia thronged with the famished and the dying, on her way out of the town. The situation is dramatic and touching; but instead of contributing to the development of the theme it merely marks time. Not until the camp of Assur is disclosed is the step forward taken and the real complication begun. Holofernes is revealed among his men, and he opens the scene with a fine speech.

In the midst of the discussion that follows as to whether they shall attack Bethulia at once or let famine and the plague do their work for them, Judith suddenly appears. Holofernes is startled by her beauty.

Methought the phantom of some murdered queen  
Had risen from the ground beneath my feet!  
If these Samarian women are thus shaped,  
O, my brave captains, let not one be slain!

In a speech that for eloquence and for smoothness of diction has rarely been excelled even by Mr. Aldrich, Judith reveals her pretended errand.

Know thou, O prince, it is our yearly use  
To lay aside the first-fruits of the grain,  
And so much oil, so many skins of wine,  
Which, being sanctified, are held intact  
For the High Priests who serve before the Lord  
In the great temple at Jerusalem.  
This holy food—which even to touch is death—  
The people would lay hands on, being starved;  
And they have sent a runner to the Priests  
(The Jew Abijah, who, at dead of night,  
Sped like a javelin between thy guards),  
Begging permit to eat the sacred corn.  
'T will not be granted them, as time will prove,  
Yet will they eat it. Then shalt thou behold  
The archers tumbling headlong from the walls,  
Their strength gone from them; thou shalt see the  
spears  
Splitting like reeds within the spearmen's hands,  
And the strong captains tottering like old men  
Stricken with palsy. Then, O mighty prince,



Then with thy trumpets blaring doleful dooms,  
And thy proud banners waving in the wind,  
With squares of men and eager clouds of horse,  
Thou shalt sweep down on them, and strike them  
dead!

Holofernes, charmed with Judith's eloquence and lured by the craft in her plot, gives her ready hospitality.

Up to this point the scene is admirably managed; then the dramatist's material seems to have failed him. For no apparent purpose he introduces Achior, who has followed Judith to protect her, and delivers him into the hands of Holofernes. The meeting between Judith and Achior, in which Judith urges her lover to flee from danger, and, on the appearance of Holofernes, her denial of acquaintance with him, retards the development of the plot and merely serves to piece out the act. There was need here for the emphasizing of the impression made by Holofernes on Judith, an impression only slightly indicated and of immense importance for the conflict of emotions to be expressed in the act to come, where Judith was to find her chance to deliver her country by sacrificing the man who had won her love.

It seems a pity that at the very beginning of the third act, Mr. Aldrich should have resorted to the melodramatic device of employing a drug with which Judith was to lull Holofernes to sleep. There is a weakness, too, in its being provided by the slave, Bagoas, whose devotion Judith has won. The drug sadly enfeebles the dramatic force of the situation that creates the climax of the act. Before the climax is reached, however, the author achieves splendid pictorial effects by the skilful manipulation of accessories and by the introduction of dancing girls clashing cymbals. In view of the emphasis already placed on Judith's dreams, it is perhaps not altogether fortunate that Holofernes should be presented in a suspicious mood as the result of dream-warnings. But the writers of tragedy, Shakespeare included, have always loved the mystic element provided by dreams. Besides, dreams have held a place of greater honor in the ancient

civilizations than they do in ours, and they are the stuff that a great deal of the best poetry given to the world is made on. Among the finest lines in "Judith" may be included these:

In my thought

I found myself in a damp catacomb  
Searching by torchlight for my own carved name  
On a sarcophagus; and, as I searched,  
A file of wailing shapes drew slowly near,  
The hates and passions of my early youth  
Became substantial and immortal things,  
With tongues to blazon forth each hidden crime.

In this act is sung the only lyric which lightens the drama. It is one of the loveliest of all the lyrics that Mr. Aldrich has contributed to literature, and it has the lightness and grace of some of Shakespeare's songs. It was written a number of years ago, and, like many lines taken from Mr. Aldrich's poem on "Judith and Holofernes," it is incorporated into the drama with perfect discretion and appropriateness.

O cease, sweet music, let us rest!  
Too soon the hateful day is born;  
Henceforth let day be counted night,  
And midnight called the morn.

O cease, sweet music, let us rest!  
A tearful, languid spirit lies,  
Like the dim scent in violets,  
In beauty's gentle eyes;

There is a sadness in sweet sound  
That quickens tears. O music, lest  
We weep with thy soft sorrow, cease,  
Be still, and let us rest!

Judith has conspired with Bagoas to take his place in serving wine to Holofernes. Into the first glass she drops the drug, and gradually Holofernes falls into a drowse. Meanwhile, Judith is supposed to be tormented by the anguish of her temptation and trial; but the author allows her to make only an exceedingly inadequate expression of her state of mind, and by means of the weakest of all dramatic expedients, the soliloquy.

Here, then, is the point where "Judith" as a tragic drama fails. As

soon as Holofernes falls into a stupor, Judith's mission is virtually accomplished. Dramatically, there is no conflict. All that we know of Judith's love for Holofernes is revealed to us in mere verbal statements; it does not for one moment express itself in action. Even the kiss that Judith prays may be "his swift destruction" never reveals a real passion. Instead of developing a tremendous situation, Mr. Aldrich lets his opportunity pass and the scene fades out. As soon as Holofernes retires to his tent to sleep, Judith bursts into a prayer, fervent in feeling and noble in expression, it is true, but hardly appropriate at a time when she is acting under a powerful impulse.

This prayer spoken, Judith walks to the tent, and during her disappearance of several moments we are supposed to be thrilled by the knowledge that she is killing a senseless man. The idea is painfully suggestive of mangling a corpse and has no real dramatic value, though it is true that an effect of clammy horror is created during her absence from the scene and on her return, bearing in her hand an unsheathed falchion.

The last of the four acts drops, as the last act does of so many dramas, whether written by dramatists experienced or unexperienced. Judith turns aside from the honors of the populace, turns coldly even from the faithful Achior, who throughout the action has been a sympathetic but wholly superfluous figure, and who has escaped from the panic-stricken enemy through the help of Bagoas, and she goes into retirement. "Let no one born of woman follow me," she says, as she disappears.

On the whole, however, in spite of technical defects and failure to rise to tragic impressiveness, "Judith," contrasted with the plays that have their little hour before the public, seems almost massive. But it is not a great play. This fact, however, does not keep it from being a very beautiful and touching poem cast in dramatic form, and a real contribution to the stage. Those who ask only for beauty in the drama will be delighted with Judith; those who ask for beauty, together with the quality that makes dramatic literature the highest expression of human emotion, will be disappointed.



## Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow

DEAR BELINDA,

If you want a noble present this Christmas for a King or a Queen, please choose between the following. First of all there is Mrs. Frankau's "James and William Ward," a portfolio of magnificent prints in stipple and mezzotint—forty of them in all—each print a fine gift in itself, and the whole set sufficient to furnish with excellent pictures a shooting-box or small country house. And let every one understand that the prints, though illustrating the engraving of the Wards, are from pictures of fine ladies by Hoppner, Reynolds, Morland, and others. Next I would advise you to look at the book upon "Romney," by Mr. Humphry Ward and Mr. Roberts, a lovely book with reproductions of Romney's portraits, and a complete catalogue and pedigree of all the known pictures by Romney—a present well worthy of a Queen. Then there would be Mrs. Charles Roundell's book upon "Ham House," Lord Dysart's place in Surrey, with beautiful illustrations of Miniatures, Books, and Pictures—as fine a book upon an English country house as exists. "Memoirs of the Martyr King," by Mr. Allan Fea, is a detailed record of the last two years of the reign of Charles the First. This is a most handsome volume, with at least one hundred photogravure portraits and heaps of other illustrations as well. Mr. Mil-lais's "Mammals of Great Britain" is an exhaustive book upon the natural history of our country, a book which was much needed, and now it has been taken in hand by one who is a naturalist, an artist, and much besides. Mr. Williamson's new book on "Portrait Miniatures" is far in advance of any other book upon the same subject, and it embodies everything of value which is known about all Royal or private collections, with heaps of illustrations—two fine volumes which any one may covet. Mr. and Mrs. Baillie-Grohman's magnificent book, "A Master of Game," is the finest ever published upon hunting in the early days. Every

lover of sport should possess this book, and every one who glances at its pages, and its wonderful illustrations and appendices, will see how marvellously well Mr. and Mrs. Grohman have edited this great manuscript.

I don't think that any of the books I have named would be unworthy gifts to a King or a Queen. I suppose Princes and Princesses would share with Kings and Queens much the same quality of gifts, but if those I have already named are not enough to choose from—in fact, in case your acquaintance with Kings, Queens, Emperors, Princes, Princesses, Archdukes, and Grand Duchesses is more numerous than the books I have already named, I will tell you of more. Mr. Elgood, the artist of gardens, and Miss Jekyll, most helpful of gardeners, have collaborated in a lovely book upon their special subject. The garden cult still flourishes, and this volume, called "Some English Gardens," contains fifty or more colored illustrations of the gardens of Bulwick, Penshurst, Montacute, and the beautiful garden which Lady Warwick has made at Easton. The chief feature of "On the Old Road through France to Florence" is the fine water-color work by Mr. Hallam Murray. Miss Wharton's "Italian Villas and their Gardens" also contains at least a dozen illustrations in color for those who love Italy and its Gardens.

I don't know anything more difficult than to find a path through the maze of children's books which appear during the last three months of the year. I shall tell you of some which I know to be good, but I shall, in so doing, probably leave unnamed a host of others which have claims. I believe that most children have some old favorite which they swear by, whether it be "Struwelpeter," "Holiday House," or "The Children of the New Forest," but all children love a new book. The new book does not necessarily replace the old, but it gives great pleasure while its novelty lasts. This year we look, and not in vain, for successors

to some of the excellent books of recent years, and we look too for any new-comers who are promising. There is a final book by Henty about the days of Nelson, called "By Conduct and Courage." Now that boys have had the last of Henty's books they will be looking round for a suitable successor, and I have no doubt but that the successor will be Herbert Strang, whose capital book of last year, "Tom Burnaby," will be remembered by all boys. This year Mr. Strang has written two first-rate books, one is called "Boys of the Light Brigade" and is a story of the Peninsular war, and the second is "Kobo," an up-to-date story of the Russo-Japanese war, both books full of adventure and hard fighting. Mr. Fitchett's new book is called "The Commander of the *Hirondelle*," and this is a Nelson story. A new-comer, or almost a new-comer, is Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, whose book, "The Gold Bat," is one of the successes of the year. Mr. Wodehouse has also a second volume, entitled "William Tell Told Again." Then there are girls' books as usual in abundance; a new one by Mrs. Molesworth, called "The Ruby Ring," and a new volume of fairy stories, by Laurence Housman, called "The Blue Moon." Mrs. Arthur Jacob, already so well known as a novelist, has just published a volume of fairy stories, called "The Golden Heart," and Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the author of "Anyhow Stories," but like Mrs. Jacob best known as a novelist, has this autumn issued a story called "The Getting Well of Dorothy." Mr. Emanuel's book, "The Snob," is an excellent successor to "A Dog's Day." Excellent for children is the series of animal autobiographies, which has just been commenced with a volume upon "The Rat," and another upon "The Dog." Mr. Kearton's "Adventures of Cock Robin and his Mate" has one hundred and twenty illustrations, taken by those most skilful nature artists, the brothers Kearton. John Hassall's colored picture-book, "The Twins," has heaps of bright color and good rhymes for small children; and "Jolly Jumbo," by

Harry B. Neilson, is another capital volume for the nursery. The *Golliwog* has once more appeared, and this year gives an account of how he spent a happy Christmas with his little favorites in Holland. "The Golliwog in Holland" is of course a joy.

In the way of memoirs it is almost too much to expect that we shall have so good a book as "The Creevey Papers," though every one is hoping that there may yet be evolved from the mass of the old gentleman's still unpublished diaries and letters another one or two volumes as good as the last.

Lord Rosebery has added another chapter to his "Napoleon: The Last Phase," in which he asks one of the most interesting of historical conundrums. Lord Rosebery says:

One strange question does somehow arise—a sort of historical freak. . . . Supposing that, instead of the allied Sovereigns capturing Napoleon, Napoleon had, as was possible in 1813 or 1814, captured the allied Sovereigns? Here there comes in the difference between the hereditary and the self-made monarch, between the founder and the heirs of a dynasty. Every dynasty must have a beginning, but woe to the founder if he fails.

Lady Londonderry's little book upon "Castlereagh" is a delightful picture of a great statesman in his more homely moods and ways. Lady Russell, another of the best-read women in society, has written a charming book, "Three Generations of Fascinating Women," with numerous portraits of the beautiful Gunnings, and others. "An Artist's Love Story," already reviewed so widely, gives a detailed account of the loves of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mrs. Siddons's daughters, and another, and perhaps even more intimate, even scandalous, relation is "The Private Lives of the Emperor William II. and his Consort," by H. W. Fischer. There are memoirs of living persons too. A "Life of Charles Wyndham," by T. E. Pemberton; "An Autobiography of Arminius Vambery," the great traveller; and may we not think of Creighton's *Memoirs* as those of one still living? Sir John Robinson's book, "Fifty Years of Fleet Street," is a really capital volume of



good stories, as far as I know the only volume this autumn by a first-rate *raconteur*. Of memoirs of French history there are very few. "The Life of Ninon de L'Enclos," based upon Bret's Memoir and other good authorities, is perhaps the most readable. It is curious how little has been printed, either in French or English, hitherto about Ninon. There is also Mr. Noel Williams's "Memoir of Madame du Barry," about whom already we have heard a good deal, though the subject never seems stale or tedious. Although there are so few French Memoirs there is a new edition of Ste.-Beuve's "Essays," containing many literary portraits of the seventeenth century written in Ste.-Beuve's inimitable manner. Charles Whibley's "Literary Portraits" is a fine volume with distinction of writing and dignity of appearance. Arthur Symons's new book of "Essays" and Dr. Barry's "Heralds of Revolt" are both valuable contributions to literary criticism. Mr. Courtney's "Feminine Note in Fiction" contains some brilliant essays on the best women writers of the day.

Of other books bound to promote good spirits and Christmas cheer I would like to mention that that excellent and very rare old book, "The Sporting Repository," has been reprinted under the care of Mr. Joseph Grego, and there is no more delightful present to hand to any sportsman. Few are lucky enough to possess the book in its original form, and any one may consider himself fortunate if he secures a copy of this delightful reprint. "The Humors of Sport," which comes from *Punch*, needless to say, contains many amusing pictures of that never-failing sport, the hunting of the fox.

A new volume of Mr. Carruthers Gould's "Cartoons" will help to keep green the political humors of the past year, and a small volume of parodies and poems by A. C. Hilton, a little-known but clever person, should, with "Sebastian Melmoth," contribute much to the gaiety of Christmas time.

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, December, 1904.

## To Tusitala

By C. E. MERRILL, Jr.

SINCE thou hast left us for the land of light,  
And thy clear woodland note no more we hear,  
And the last wonder-woven tale is told,  
From snow to flower, from flower to snow, the year  
Draws on for us less cheerily than of old,  
When thou wert in our sight.  
None comes to claim thy laurel; who but thou  
Can frame to words the long, long thoughts of youth?  
What now of all our dream may yet be truth,  
How shall we know? Thou art not with us now.

Yet this to us for whom thy voice is stilled:  
Each wonderful clear night of stars, each wind  
That breathes the freshness of the great glad sea  
On heavy-laden heart and tired mind,  
Comes as a voice interpreted of thee,  
And with thy spirit filled;  
That ancient song thou taughtest us first to hear,  
The woods still sing to us, when all the trees  
Wake to the sudden whisper of the breeze—  
And if we listen, we may know thee near.





## Our Best Society

### X

ALICE and I were in a whirl of talk when Letty Henderson came to the door. She wore a simple white-muslin frock that made her look hardly more than sixteen.

"Mamma is waiting to see you," she said, addressing Alice, and we followed her down the steps. I wonder why it was that I had a guilty feeling and why I suspected that Mrs. Henderson was not nearly so eager to see us as her daughter had represented.

Whatever may have been the truth, Mrs. Henderson received us most graciously. To my astonishment I found her very like Letty, only damaged, terribly damaged. In the mother, the girl's willowy slimness had been emphasized into rigidity, into what impressed me as an irresistible determination to be slim, and Letty's ethereal blondness had assumed, in Mrs. Henderson's hair and complexion, a vivid glow that was of neither earth nor heaven. In fact, the mother of that exquisite creature, that child, as she seemed to me at the moment, was shamelessly dyed and made up, and the artificiality, by creating a contrast between the appearance of youth that she undertook to achieve, and the inefaceable signs of her age, made her seem distressingly old at one moment and distressingly young at another. Her costume was uncompromisingly young, of pink silk, tight-fitting, and revealing a really beautiful throat and neck. I marvelled that, for us, she should have got herself up so elaborately. I had pictured her as a stately, formal person with gray hair, and, according to a silly habit of mine that I have tried vainly to correct, I had dressed her according to the character I attributed to her, in black velvet and lace. I resolved not to tell Alice of this provincial fancy;

she would turn it into what I used to call her "continuous-performance" jokes, the only kind that can gain in effect by repetition.

The remarks that followed our greetings consisted of the neutral talk by which people try to glean impressions of one another. It speedily became plain that Mrs. Henderson had pigeon-holed me to her satisfaction and was finding Alice more difficult. As Alice made faintly satirical comments on the events of the day, Mrs. Henderson's eyes, in observing her, seemed to grow bluer and keener and smaller. Gradually, I perceived that Alice was making one of her great hits. Mrs. Henderson, I reasoned, had probably been made sceptical about Alice by her daughter's raptures. I knew how often girls hurt one another in that way.

A few moments later a tall handsome man, with thin brown hair and smooth face, strode into the room. In evening-dress as he was, he nevertheless had the air of a general, as generals appear on the stage. His shoulders were splendidly broad; his air was nobly resolute; from his large gray eyes and his finely cut features there seemed to radiate a generous sympathy for the whole human race. To my astonishment, Mrs. Henderson greeted him as if she did not know him very well and had not seen him for some time. "Good-evening, Mr. Henderson," she said.

He replied with a low bow and a sonorous "Good-evening, my dear." Then before his wife had time to speak the words of introduction, he turned deferentially to Alice and extended his hand. He held the hand, placing his left hand over it, while his wife explained that Alice was one of Letty's friends. "I am always delighted to meet any of Letty's friends," he said impressively, and he patted Alice's

fingers with what was doubtless designed to appear as paternal affection. He greeted me with a warmth only slightly modified. Just as I sat in my seat again, somewhat overcome by this welcome, a young man in evening-dress, with a round pink face and light curly hair, entered the room. Supposing him to be a guest, I rose quickly. Mrs. Henderson rose, too, and I heard the young man say in a low voice, "Dinner is served, Madame."

"Let us go in at once," Mrs. Henderson said, and as we followed quite informally I realized that she was covering up my blunder. For that consideration I felt deeply grateful. The consciousness of the blunder would have made me uneasy and silent if Henderson had not at once drawn me into talk.

"You are a fortunate man to be able to take a holiday at this time of year," he said, and when I stammered a foolish and secretly resentful agreement, he went on: "Ah, how I envy those people who are able to stop working for a time! We are all work-mad. I never have an hour of the day to myself. All I've had to eat to-day was a sandwich that I sent out for from the floor of the Exchange."

Neither Mrs. Henderson nor her daughter seemed to be saddened by this remark. They acted as if they had heard it or something like it many times before.

An atmosphere of gloom suddenly enveloped the table. Alice looked scared. Like me, I perceived that she was wondering what we had got into.

"I suppose you are down-town," Henderson carelessly remarked, and before I could reply, he went on rapidly: "Now I have n't asked you what your're going to drink. My dear Mrs. Foster—" He leaned forward obsequiously.

Letty's mother cut in, with an air that was curiously defiant. "We drink claret and Scotch whiskey and beer, Mrs. Foster. We have some claret that is rather good. I always drink it at dinner."

"I don't think I will drink anything," Alice calmly replied.

Henderson bent his head towards me with the solicitude that I had begun to hate and dread. "Since Mrs. Henderson has confessed her preference," he said, and the tone of his voice rather than the words conveyed the rebuke of sarcasm, "I will confess mine. I always drink Scotch."

Somehow his manner put me at ease. I suppose the fact was that up to this moment I had been at a loss to know what to think of him.

"I'll drink some Scotch with you," I said, and that preliminary disposed of, we went on more comfortably. The impressive-looking butler brought on a simple meal; but everything, including the lobster croquettes, was beautifully cooked and served. Henderson talked almost incessantly, chiefly about himself. As I had surmised, he was a stock-broker and a promoter, and, as the meal proceeded and as he took steady draughts of the Scotch, he made it plain that, in spite of his air of opulence, he belonged to the great army of the disappointed and the embittered. As I had been prevented from explaining that I was not a business-man, he accepted me as one worthy of hearing his comments on the leaders of finance in New York. Those comments were exceedingly uncomplimentary and they were obviously familiar to his wife for, as she listened, she languished.

"We are going to have a terrible upheaval in this country some day," said Henderson, "and it's going to have its start right here in New York. Do you realize?" he cried, with excitement, "that during the past ten years in Pittsburgh alone as many as a hundred millionaires have sprung up—a hundred millionaires," he emphatically concluded.

"Well, the poor things deserve it for having to live in Pittsburgh," said Mrs. Henderson, to relieve the tension.

"They don't live in Pittsburgh after they make their money," Henderson testily retorted.

"That's where they show their good sense," Mrs. Henderson went on, with

a serenity that gave me a nervous impulse to laugh. "They come straight to New York."

"Well, New York is no place for a man unless he has at least a million," Henderson grumbled. Then he raised his voice again. "This state of affairs can't keep on going as it's been doing for the past twenty-five years. The people will rise up. They must. If they had any sense, they'd have risen up long ago. They're being robbed, systematically robbed."

"Oh, Frank, it is n't any worse now than it's always been," said Mrs. Henderson, impatiently. "Business has always been an organized system of robbery. It's simply that the cleverest people get the most, that's all."

Henderson looked disgusted, and he made no reply. His attitude expressed the familiar masculine idea that women were always silly when they discussed business and ought to be ignored.

When we had finished dessert, Mrs. Henderson rose from the table and said that we should take coffee in the drawing-room. I noticed that we all seemed fatigued—all but Henderson. The talk that had exhausted us left him strong. In the drawing-room he seemed to get a second wind and he fell into a more amiable mood. He insisted on my taking a little brandy in my coffee and, when I stubbornly resented, he complimented Alice on having such a model husband. Then, as soon as he had taken his coffee, he announced that he must leave us.

"I'm so very sorry," he said to Alice. "But I'm due at a boresome political-club meeting. You'll forgive me, won't you?" he pleaded.

Alice at once adopted her casual manner. "We shall have to go directly ourselves," she said. "We've had such a long day."

Henderson pinched his daughter's cheek. "By-by, little one," he said, and the girl blushed, for shame, I thought. Then he turned to his wife: "Are you off too?" he asked, with a cold glance at her dress. She answered him by speaking directly to Alice.

"I wish I could have known you were coming when I made my engage-

ment for to-night. The Drapers are having some of the opera people at their house and I promised Mrs. Draper—"

"Ah, but Letty knows we could n't stay," Alice remarked, and away went Henderson, and five minutes later Alice and I were walking down the steps.

For the sake of complete discretion I walked for at least five yards before speaking. Then, to relieve my feelings, I had to resort to slang.

"Well, if that was n't the limit!" I exclaimed.

"Poor Letty!" Alice murmured.

"But the marvel is how *she* ever happened!"

"In that interior!" Alice echoed. Then she quickly added: "The mother is n't so bad. That is, if she had plenty of money, she would n't *seem* so bad. The trouble is she's been a great beauty and she's been admired and spoiled. She has n't anything to live for but her beauty, displaying it and ornamenting it. And she's worrying it away every minute of her life. Of course, it's the husband," Alice concluded, with an apparent lack of logic.

"I should think having him around the house would spoil any beauty."

"He's the sort of man who would impress some people tremendously. When he was young he must have fooled a lot of people—besides *her*. What an awful responsibility for Letty!"

At this point I lost the clue. "I can't see how Letty is responsible."

"For his future, I mean. Could n't you see from the bitter way he spoke about those Wall Street men that they did n't have any use for him? It's wonderful how he keeps up in this dreadfully expensive city."

"I suppose there are plenty of tragedies like that all around us," I said, and I noticed that Alice drew a little closer.

"I must say now that I have more respect for Teddy," she remarked. "Think of being willing to stand for that artificial mother and that empty-headed father. Really there must be a lot of good in Teddy."

But at that moment I did not feel

like discussing Teddy. He seemed far away.

"Do you think we could endure many days like this?" I asked, and Alice positively shivered.

"To think of those poor society-people who are always on the go!" she said.

"Seeking for happiness," I added, "as if happiness were a thing that one got by seeking."

"Now, Ned, don't be didactic."

"Excuse me," I said, and from the way Alice leaned on my arm I knew that she was worn out.

For a long time I let her walk on in silence. Then I ventured to remark: "I hope that Mary has had a good day."

That remark roused Alice. Her mind had evidently been wandering far from our little flat with its cares and she at once began to worry. She walked more rapidly. As we neared the house she accused herself for staying away so long. The outbreak of the self-accusing habit is one of Alice's signs of extreme nervousness.

There was not the sign of light in our apartment and we fairly ran upstairs. By this time I had caught some of Alice's agitation. I unlocked the door and plunged into pitch darkness. I groped into the hall and in a few minutes the place was brilliantly lighted.

"Oh!" Alice exclaimed.

My masculine senses had detected nothing. The place seemed to be in perfect order.

"Something dreadful has happened," Alice tragically whispered.

At that moment an apparition stood at the kitchen door, a bedraggled, bleary-eyed, frowsy caricature of humanity, bearing a degraded resemblance to Mary. Alice stood in horror, gazing, speechless, at the sight. In a few seconds Mary came unsteadily toward us.

"Good-evening, Mary," Alice said with a ghastly pretence of being pleasant. Mary turned her bleary eyes on Alice's face; they blinked as if blinded by the light; then they filled with tears.

"Oh, my darlin' child, this is a terrible sight fer yer."

"It is a terrible sight, Mary," Alice spoke steadily and with great dignity.

"Sure 't is ashamed, I am, an' ye 've been so good to me."

"I trusted you, Mary," said Alice, with a grandeur of utterance that gave me a wild impulse to laugh.

"Don't I know that?" Mary exclaimed reproachfully, as if a deadly insult had been hurled at her. "An' don't I know that you 're the sweetest creature that ever breathed, with never a cross word from mornin' till night no matter how things goes wrong. An' obliged to live with the most awful crank that ever walked the earth, always complainin' an' good fer nothin' an' never doin' a stroke of work, sittin' up with his books like a fine gentleman. 'T is too good he thinks he is to go out an' earn an honest livin' with his two hands!"

Shall I be believed when I say that my first sensation on hearing these words was one of great relief. At last, I knew what Mary thought of me.

"You have no right to speak like that, Mary," said Alice, indignantly.

"'T is no word I have to say against you, darlin'. If ever an angel came down from Heaven—"

"Mary!" My voice rang through that apartment like a bugle-call. I was astonished to hear it and I think that Alice was astonished too. Mary unquestionably was, for she looked alarmed. She straightened up to meet the onslaught.

Having asserted my manhood in that splendid fashion, I did n't know what to do. I perceived that any impulse to turn Mary out in the street was utterly impracticable. In the first place, she would n't go, without being forced. And then the scandal, the neighbors, the appearance of the police!

"Well?" Mary responded in stentorian challenge, her arms at her elbows.

She had called my bluff. I had one of the wretched moments of self-doubt that come to all of us who are not cast in heroic mould when we are ready to believe that the most serious charge



that can be made against us may be true.

"If you don't go straight back to your room I'll call a policeman," I said in a low voice.

Mary had expected so much more from me in the way of argument that she looked disappointed. She drew out the corners of her mouth in preparation for a retort. Then Alice rushed forward and placed both hands on her shoulders.

"Mary, dear, don't be cross, please, for my sake. I know you are n't feeling well. So do let me take you into your room and help you into bed."

Mary, touched by this expression of sympathy, leaned against Alice and burst into tears. "Sure I'd do anything in the wide world for you, darlin'. You poor, down-trodden child, if he ever dares to say a cross word to you again——"

"He won't, Mary. He won't. I promise you."

"He'd better not while I'm around," Mary sobbed.

"Ned, go out of the room," Alice whispered, and as I turned, she added: "Close the door."

I obeyed, feeling like a cur. At the door, I listened and I could hear Alice's words mingled with Mary's tears. Then the shuffling of feet told me that the two were gradually making their way to the kitchen. I sank into a chair and for ten minutes I waited. I had no impulse to smoke or even to move. I just thought—of Mary's remarks about me.

Now I suppose there are people who can hear things said about them without caring one jot. I envy them. They are spared an immense amount of unhappiness. I would give a good deal to have been spared the misery of those few minutes. When Alice returned I felt as if I had aged several years since I last saw her.

She carried in her hand a long ugly black bottle. She held it up to the light and the color changed to a yellowish brown. "She's asleep," she whispered.

"After getting around all that," I said, keeping my eyes on the bot-

tle, "her slumber ought to be profound."

"Let us open all the windows, dearest," she said pathetically. Then she looked down at her clothes. "Why, we have n't taken our coats off, have we?"

"Oh!" I said. I felt so weak that it was an effort to get up and go to the windows.

We kept on our wraps till we had got the place thoroughly aired and then warm again. I sat where I could keep an eye on the kitchen door.

"I've locked her in, Ned. So you need n't worry," Alice said.

I took her hand and clasped it tightly. "I'm not thinking about that," I said.

"What, then."

"About you, Alice." My voice shook.

"You silly thing, what is the matter with you?"

"Alice!"

"Well?"

"Have n't I always been good to you?"

"O Ned!" Alice petulantly exclaimed.

"Well, have n't I?"

"Of course."

"Do I make you unhappy sometimes?"

"Only when you're silly—like this."

I felt ashamed of my weakness; but I had to get comfort; without it I knew I should n't sleep.

"What do you suppose put those ideas into her head?"

"Whose head?" Alice asked in a tone of complete mystification.

"Mary's," I replied humbly, as if speaking of the Queen of England.

For a few moments Alice looked bewildered. Then she burst out laughing and she laughed until I seized her by both arms and stopped her with a kiss.

"O Ned, I did n't know that you could be so absurd."

"Well," I insisted, "I'd like to know what put those ideas into her head."

"She just wanted to have a fight with someone—that's all."

We sat up late planning to get rid of



Mary and talking over the events of the day. We both felt as if several days had passed since we left the house with Letty Henderson in the morning. And we agreed, as soon as we could, to sink back into our old routine of peace and systematic work.

"Now, dear Ned, to-morrow you must go to your desk right after breakfast and stay there till I come back from the studio."

"Oh!" I groaned. "The idea of that fellow painting your portrait. Why did n't I rebel when it was first spoken of?"

"But think, dear! What harm can it do? If Mr. Cosgrave makes a success of it he'll exhibit it at the American Artists and it will be talked about a lot. It will help to bring you more before the public."

"This talk about being before the public is beginning to be horrible to me. What dress are you going to wear?"

"Why, the one I wore at the Van Zandt's. It's the only one that's fit."

"That low-cut thing! Very well," I helplessly exclaimed. "Wear anything you like. Make yourself exactly like an actress. Be gazed at as if you were a spectacle. Get mixed up with people like Mrs. Eustace and be drawn into some terrible scandal or tragedy. Of course, that's what those two people are preparing for. Don't consider me."

"You are the only one I am considering, Ned." Alice spoke with a calmness that alarmed me. In the silence that followed I thought I could hear the quick beating of her heart. Finally she said: "I will put Mrs. Eustace off. When she comes to-morrow I will say that I am ill. Of course, what you say about the scandal and tragedy is absurd. You've taken the whole matter far too seriously. Your fictional mind has simply run away with you."

I literally threw up my hands. "Go to-morrow by all means!" I exclaimed.

I hoped, I believed, that Alice would not go. In fact, I felt such assurance that I practically dismissed the matter

from my mind. By this time it was nearly twelve o'clock and I started to lock up for the night. As I approached the front door, I heard heavy steps in the hall. Then the bell rang, and a moment later a messenger was handing me a telegram. I opened it quickly and two pairs of eyes read these words:

Be at my house to-morrow at ten sharp. We must talk about our play.

LILY VALENTINE.

While I looked for a fee for the messenger, Alice walked into the dining-room. I found her standing beside the table absorbed in thought. "What does it mean?" I asked, instinctively appealing to her intuition.

"It may mean several things," Alice replied. "But I think there is just one real explanation."

I waited.

"Business to-night has probably been bad. So her fear that the piece is a failure has been confirmed."

"Then she'll have to put on another play," I cried.

Alice shook her head. "They'll keep her here for a couple of weeks and then they'll try it on the road. You've often told me how plays sometimes fail here and succeed out of New York."

"Yes, and the reverse," I hastily assented. "Of course, that's the explanation," I went on. "She dreads the road. She can't bear to be separated from society," I satirically concluded.

"McKeesport must be rather tame after what she has here," said Alice, with a faint smile. "And if she should miss the Horse Show, I believe she'd fall ill. But remember!" Alice spoke with new vigor, "you must n't even consider the possibility of collaborating with her. Tell her you are n't used to that sort of thing. *Our* great play!" Alice concluded, with a scornful glance at the telegram lying on the table.

Somehow the telegram swept every other consideration out of my mind. I went to bed perfectly content, realizing that there were few things in life that could give me such happiness as work. I resolved in future to avoid

every distraction that would even remotely affect my daily task. Of course, the engagement in the morning was something quite different: that was business. It was worth sacrificing a morning for the sake of getting an order for a play. The fatigue of the long day of excitement quickly put me to sleep, and I dreamed that my play was finished and scheduled for a New York production. I woke to find with a pang that I still had the scenes and the dialogue to invent. Alice was standing beside my bed.

"It's nine o'clock."

"Oh!" I rubbed my face with both hands. "How's Mary?" I asked, my mind, as usual, losing no time in recalling the disagreeable incidents of the day before.

"She's very contrite and silent."

"Does she remember?"

"I think so. But she's willing that we should forget."

"Are n't you going to let her go?"

"I'll investigate the Employment Agencies first. And then, I'll let you give her notice."

That remark woke me up. I had just time enough for shaving, dressing, and for breakfast, before keeping my engagement. Miss Valentine was waiting for me in her drawing-room.

"I've been simply crazy to see you," she said. "I thought of driving down to your house last night. But that would have been scandalous. would n't it? But when I want to get a thing done in a hurry—Well, the fact is, our piece is a dead frost. The receipts dropped shockingly last night, and Holbrook was wild. He's talking of sending us all into the country—out West—with a lot of one-night stands. Now you must save me from such a fate. Why, I had expected to play in New York all winter."

These remarks were delivered with great rapidity and in perfect good nature. It was plain that Miss Valentine retained her spirits.

"What can I do?"

"Get to work on that play of ours."

"Ah, Miss Valentine, I have such a lot of work on hand."

The actress looked at me reproach-

fully, as if I had given her a blow. "I did n't think that you were like that. I did n't think that you were—well, that you were *foxy*, like the others."

These words put me on the defensive. "If I work on that play," I said, "I shall have to stop work on the book I'm writing."

The actress pouted like a spoiled child. She was not used to being balked.

"There are plenty of men right here in New York who would jump at the chance of writing a play for me—or *with me*," she archly remarked.

"I should like to write a play for you," I said, in a neutral tone and careful of my emphasis.

"But not *with me*?" Miss Valentine laughed aloud, swaying forward and back in her seat. At that moment I liked her immensely. She was an odd-enough mixture.

"I can't collaborate with any one. I'm not used to that sort of thing." I was determined to get those words in so that I might repeat them to Alice.

"You want all the glory for yourself, don't you?" Miss Valentine lowered her face and kept her wonderful eyes fixed on me. I had seen her photographed in exactly that attitude.

"You are an exceedingly vexatious person," she said, smiling brilliantly, and I had a strong suspicion that she had heard some one say those words and that she was practising them on me. Already I had noted her fondness for calling people "persons." It gave her talk a knowing air quite out of harmony with her girlishness.

I said nothing in reply to her charge and I had the comfort of observing that she lost some of her aplomb. "After all," she said, her manner becoming perfectly frank, "all I want is a good play, with a good part in it, a *good* part, mind you. Will you undertake to write it?"

"How much time can you give me?" I was so pleased with the way I was keeping up my end in this interview that I began to believe I had business ability.

"A month!" she said decisively.

"A month!" I gasped.

"If you can do it at all, you can do it in a month."

"Why, it used to take Dumas at least a year. And Pinero, who is pursued by actors for plays—he does n't write more than one a year."

"Bah! That's all nonsense. Pinero takes his time and Dumas was probably lazy. Dramatists like to impress people by stories of that sort. What is a play? It does n't last more than two hours—except for the waits. Some of Walter Hart's plays would last much less time if there were no waits. They're the thinnest things. There's everything," the actress solemnly pronounced, "in making up your mind to do a thing and then doing it."

"If you can," I ventured to add in a low voice.

"Oh, you can. *You can.*" The actress threw out her right arm and uttered the words as if she were playing in a Greek tragedy.

"What terms?" I almost whispered. If I were to keep going down the scale in my speech, she would soon be unable to hear me.

"If I accept the play, five hundred dollars down on the day of acceptance."

I wonder if there is not something grasping and venal in all of us. Realizing how keen the girl was to secure a play, I had a powerful temptation to get all I could out of her.

"You see, it would be very hard for me to work on speculation like that," I said, with an assumption of indifference. "I'd like to do the thing. I'd like to make the try." I noticed with surprise that I was nodding my head with great earnestness. "But I can't afford to give up a month's work without having the thing pretty definitely ordered and—and arranged," I concluded, becoming suddenly alarmed by my own boldness.

"Then I will give you the order! I'll get my attorney to send you a check and a contract to-day. You'll read the play to me as you go along."

Oh, blessed mistake that she made at that moment! She realized it as soon as I spoke.

"I could n't undertake to do that,"

I quickly replied. "I find I can't read my things while they are under way. It's very upsetting. Besides, I'm always going back and changing. Until the piece was finished, it would be likely to be fragmentary."

"But you will let me talk with you about it." The actress was on the verge of tears. Her tone became helplessly pleading.

"I'll be delighted to do that," I said, and I rose from my seat. "And will you get to work right off—to-day?"

I could not keep from smiling. "Right off—to-day," I said, paying her back for trying to patronize me, and I started for the door. I could not have sat in that room five minutes longer. I wished to run, to shout. Above all things, I wished to rehearse to Alice every word of the interview, every tone.

"I'll have the contract sent this afternoon," Miss Valentine said at the door.

I walked rapidly home and I ran all the way up-stairs. On reaching the apartment I looked through the rooms. In the distance Mary was busily occupied with preparation for luncheon.

"Where is Mrs. Foster, Mary?" I called out.

"She went away with a lady, sir," Mary replied with an eagerness in which I read remorse and a desire to please.

Then I remembered. Alice had gone to have that portrait painted after all!

My spirits sank. All my joy in the order for a play evaporated. I felt an almost uncontrollable desire to vent my anger on something or some one. But, from the distance, I could feel Mary's covert eye on me, and I recalled what she had said the night before. Then I was violently tempted to assail Mary. But I could not put her in the right like that, give her a chance in her senses to repeat the charges she had made in her cups. My anger presently gave way to a profound depression in which Lily Valentine's order loomed as a gigantic and hopeless task. I recalled what I had forgotten, that long before finishing the story of "Francesca Bayne" I had become utterly sick of

the characters and indifferent to the doings. How could I go back to them again, live with them from day to day, make them live again, and, above all things, make them interesting? I groaned aloud. Then I walked hastily to my desk and closed the door so that Mary could not possibly see me. I searched among the book-shelves for a copy of "Francesca"; when I could not find one I recalled that I had given all my copies away and I reflected bitterly that if I did not stop giving autograph copies of my books I should become impoverished. I resolved never to give another. If my friends did not care enough for my books to buy them, then they could go without. And as for those people who asked for copies! The thought of them sent me weakly back to my desk. For a long time I sat there, leaning on my elbow and grieving over my fate. Then I began to think of the scenario and of all the pleasant things that Letty Henderson and Lily Valentine had said about it. I felt myself gradually coming out of my torpor. After all, it might not be so hard to write a play. For one thing, there would be no description of people, or clothes, or scenery. Except for the instructions with regard to the sets and the stage business, it would be all dialogue. In my mind I followed the sequence of scenes for the first act. My eyes mechanically revolved for a pencil. Then I seized the sheet of paper and began to write. With joy I found myself going rapidly on. As I covered one sheet I would feverishly seize another.

"Well?"

I looked up, my face hot, my whole body tingling. Alice was looking down at me.

"I've been standing here at least five minutes," she said.

I glanced at the door and seeing that it was closed, I drew Alice down and rapturously kissed her. I was in one of the rare moods of life, the mood of exaltation, where all the faculties seem marvellously alive and the greatest of ambitions seem easy to attain. I felt as if my triumph were already won and I wished Alice to have her share in it at once.

She drew away from me, laughing, and looked with satisfaction at the pile of sheets on the desk. "I was afraid you were going to scold me," she said.

Then, with a pang, I recalled what she had been doing; but somehow it did not seem so bad now.

"What happened?" I asked, trying to seem more severe than I really felt.

"Mrs. Eustace came at eleven. Then——"

"Up here?"

Alice nodded.

"And she looked over the apartment and said it was 'sweet,' and 'cosey,' and 'cunning,' of course."

"You're just about as near as you usually get, dear Ned."

"Well, what did she do?"

"She said it must be a great relief to live in an apartment. She thinks of renting her house and taking an apartment herself. You see," Alice concluded with a sigh, "she's rich enough to be able to talk poor." Alice hesitated and I knew she had something to tell and that she would keep it back for a few minutes. "It was really very pleasant," she went on, briskly. "It's a beautiful studio, a great big place way down in the slums and all painters in the building. Cosgrave has the most wonderful things, tapestries, and brass, and old carvings and——"

"Oh, yes, I know those places," I replied, somewhat irritably, I regret to say. "They're awful, all mixed up and dusty. To go into them gives me a headache."

"It was in perfect order, the whole place," Alice continued, with the air of not hearing me. "He's as fussy as an old maid." Her eyes wandered off into the distance.

"Well?"

"Something strange happened."

I controlled an impulse to smile.

"Of course, it may not be anything." Alice drew up a chair and faced me. Her manner had become terribly important. "When we got to the studio the first thing Mrs. Eustace said was, after we took our wraps off: 'Oh, I left my necklace here the other day.'"

"What?" I gasped, incredulously.

Alice rebuked me with a frown.



"Now don't jump at conclusions. He's been doing a portrait of her, too, a full-length. It's nearly finished. It brings out the very worst that's in her. It quite scared me. But never mind about that. He said, in the most *dégage* manner: 'I don't think you could have left it here. I should have seen it, or the woman would have found it. It must be in your jewel-case at home.' Then Mrs. Eustace turned awfully pale. But the wonderful thing was that she did n't say anything."

"M'm!" I murmured, to gain time to think. Then I asked: "What did he mean by 'the woman'?"

"The woman who has charge of the place, of course," said Alice, quickly, brushing aside my interruption. "After that Mrs. Eustace became *dreadfully* pleasant. That's the only way I can describe it."

"It may have been some cheap thing that she wore for the picture. It is n't at all likely that she'd wear a valuable necklace to a studio."

Alice gave me a look that plainly said: "I forgive you for spoiling my story and for being so stupid." She waited for a long time. Then she resumed: "I looked carefully at the portrait. The necklace was made of diamonds. It must be worth a fortune."

I rose from my seat. "I think you'd better not go on with that portrait," I remarked with as much martial dignity as I could command.

"But what can I do now?"

"The easiest thing would be to become suddenly ill," I replied.

"That is impossible," said Alice, in a voice indicating that something more than honor was in her mind. She raised her eyes appealingly and apprehensively. "At the studio, Mrs. Eustace asked me to go to the Horse Show with her on Monday night. Then I said we were half committed to Teddy. And then she said she'd arrange it with Teddy and we'd all go together." By this time Alice's cheeks were flaming.

"So we're in for it," I grimly remarked.

"You know what a manager she is," Alice pleaded.

During luncheon a clerk called from Miss Valentine's attorneys, bearing the promised check and contract in duplicate. When I had signed both contracts and given one of them to the clerk, and Alice and I were alone again, we sat and looked at each other.

"Is n't it wonderful?" Alice whispered.

I was too moved to speak.

"Lily Valentine did n't lose much time, did she?" Alice went on, smiling. "Oh, how splendid to be able to put things through like that! No wonder women want to be actresses, or anything in the world, rather than stay at home and be nothing."

"Here, here!" I said, in absent reproof. I was thinking of what I had done. I would *have* to write that play now, and in a month too! The thought was horrifying. I began to have a feeling of panic.

"We can get so many things that we need—clothes and—"

"Wait a minute, Alice," I said, and my voice sounded hoarse. "There is just one thing that we must do during the next month. Everything else must be subordinated to that. We must get that play written."

Alice looked alarmed. "Why, of course, dear, of course," she replied, in a tone that people employ with the dangerous or the insane.

"No more society! No Horse Show! Nothing!" I exclaimed.

Alice sat with parted lips looking at me. My face must have been very pale.

We finished the meal in silence. I went straight to my desk and I worked till five o'clock. Then, without saying a word to Alice, I went out. It was selfish; it was brutal; but I was in the mood in which I could not trust myself to speak. When I returned, Alice was waiting for me in one of her prettiest gowns, and apparently in her most cheerful mood. We spent a quiet evening, looking over the papers and reading aloud a short story. If any one had called I should have been tempted to commit murder. The next morning I worked desperately, but I did not dare to read over what I



had written. After luncheon I told Alice that I was going out for a long walk and, without comment, she assented. I strode up to Fifth Avenue and an impulse led me to go into the Waldorf-Astoria. In the marble corridor, I came face to face with a youth in a long black coat, who seized me by the arm.

"You're the very man I want to see."

To my surprise, it was Teddy; I had been too absorbed in thinking of that infernal play to recognize him.

"Oh, helloa!" I said, roughly, I fear. Somehow I associated him with my anguish over the play. To meet him seemed like recalling some powerful event from the past.

"Say—I met Mrs. Eustace at the Hendersons' last night and she said that she and your wife would take care of that box-party for the first night of the Horse Show. Miss Henderson is going," he went on eagerly, and I've asked them all to dine with me at the Cosmopolitan Club. Mrs. Eustace said she'd arrange all the details with Mrs. Foster and Letty. So I sha'n't bother my head about it."

"Oh, all right. All right," I said, nodding my head in the ridiculous fashion that I have when I'm embarrassed.

"Come and have a drink!" Teddy exclaimed, apparently as an afterthought. But I shook my head. I could not possibly have listened in patience to further confidences.

"And oh, by the way, Mrs. Eustace and I have talked over your coming down to my place—after the Horse Show. I think Letty and her mother will come too."

"Oh, that's awfully jolly," I replied, becoming affected in my desire to hide from him just how I felt. I was so successful that he seized me by the arm and reiterated his invitation to drink.

"I'd like to first rate," I said with a powerful earnestness, "but I have an appointment and I'm late already."

I walked away from him and hurried to the desk, keeping an eye on Teddy as he sped away toward the Thirty-fourth Street exit. I passed the desk

with rapid steps and I bolted for home. After all, that seemed the most secure place in my anguish over the play. I could have no peace of mind until I impressed on Alice that, till the play was finished, the slightest reference to social festivities would be likely to throw me into a fit! But as I approached the house the selfishness of this course dawned on me. I resolved to let Alice go to the Horse Show alone. Why should I let my work interfere with her pleasure? From the generous thought I desired so much solace that, on reaching home, I felt almost severe.

When I told Alice of my talk with Teddy and of my resolve to let her go to dinner and the Horse Show without me, I had one of the great surprises of my life. She listened calmly. Then she said:

"Of course, my going without you is altogether out of the question."

"Why?"

"It would look so bad."

"Looks—looks! What do I care about looks?"

"You care a good deal—with other people. It's supposed to be our party—in a sort of way," Alice went on, "though it seems to have been taken out of our hands quite effectively. But the fact remains that to go without you would be scandalous. It will only be one evening, anyway; if you keep at the play as feverishly as you've begun it, you'll be a wreck within a few days. You need distraction now more than you ever did."

I felt too disappointed to argue. "I will go on one condition, Alice—that you avoid all mention of the evening till it comes."

Alice shrugged her shoulders, and the subject dropped. Till Monday I worked on the first act, finishing it at exactly twenty minutes of three in the afternoon. When I threw down my pen, I felt like an escaped prisoner.

"Alice," I exclaimed, pushing into the dining-room, "I'm going to take the rest of the afternoon off and I'm crazy to go out with you to-night."

"I knew you would be, Ned," she amiably replied,

"I actually believe that old Horse Show has helped me to get the act done. I made up my mind I'd finish it beforehand."

Alice came forward and gave me a little kiss on the forehead. "You goose!" she said.

(To be concluded.)

## The Editor's Clearing-House

### Literature and Ploughs

*À propos* of that interesting article that appeared in the Editor's Clearing-House on "Recommending One's Own Work," it may not be altogether amiss to say something in defence of that ancient custom which our contributor thinks is "entirely too conservative and unprogressive." For, is it not the same tyrannical custom that gives the author his laurels? And where's the author that does not want his full share of laurels?

The Public is the slave of custom; and the Public is not interested in the plough-maker. Does any one care at what time he rises in the morning, or how many meals he eats each day? Who cares how long it takes him to walk to his workshop? He may have a good wife and nine beautiful daughters, but are their pictures in the magazines? Indeed, no. He is a good citizen of the substantial sort, and we respect him, but we do not believe that he has genius of any kind. His is mechanical skill and business ability, neither of which will help the poet to "indite a fine stanza of poetry." Robert Burns, we are told, used the plough to good purpose, but if he had not taken up the pen between furrows we never should have loved him as we do. His ploughing never appealed to any one. And it is the same with the maker of ploughs. No one is interested in him. But the man who writes a good story reaches our hearts and compels our interest. Custom again, say you? Perhaps, but how shall we get ourselves away from custom? Custom is often only another name for human nature.

If I should take my story,—it is a good story, too,—to an editor, and say: "Here is the best thing that has been written for many a day; just what your readers are pining for, and the very story you need to increase your subscription list and advance your advertising rates," do you think that editor would deem it worth his while to look at my story? We think not. And, after all, the editor is right. We believe that the average editor knows what he wants, and is willing to take it when

it happens along. The buyer of ploughs does not know what he wants.

If an editor were buying a plough—some do buy ploughs—we think he would attempt to apply the same rules in judging it as he does in selecting a manuscript. He would not listen to the salesman, but would endeavor to choose the plough by comparing it to his own idea of what a plough should be. The editors are not buying all the ploughs, however, and the farmer listens to the salesman and smokes the presentation cigars, so in the end it usually depends entirely upon the salesman whether or not the farmer takes the plough. We know that a good salesman can sell a poor plough. Then, again, a plough is a plough. There are fixed standards by which they may be judged; but where's the editor or the publisher's "reader" who shall pick out the successful novel before it has gone well into its thousands? Which new book will sell best, and why? Grammar and rhetoric we may judge, because we have standards the same as we have for judging a plough; but a piece of literature is more than mere grammar and rhetoric. Sometimes it is less.

So, after all, if we do not permit the author to recommend his own work, we give him more than money if his work is good. Moreover, we grant him all manner of rights and privileges that we withhold from the worker in another trade. He may be egotistical to his heart's content after he has got our ear and our eye, and we say nothing of serious consequence. He may adopt a rakish appearance, may pose in an hundred different moods, or force us to tolerate his newest idiosyncrasy, yet we love him. It is mere custom, yet we know no better. And, when he dies we enshrine his name in a high place where there are no plough-makers.

M. A. McCLASKEY.

### Why "Magda"?

As all actors hope some day to play "Hamlet," so does "Magda" seem to be the goal of ambitious actresses. But why "Magda"?

What is its special appropriateness for the average American audience, and why do the Magdas follow each other like the precession of the equinoxes, no matter what their talents, temperaments, or fitness—for other rôles? It is, no doubt, a fine part for an actress wherein to display certain powers; there is a good deal of passionate prancing about, and declaration of rights and assorted sentiments. As a picture of a certain kind of German life it is perhaps perfect; but what have we, in up-to-date, electrified, telephoned, steam-heated, intensely modern New York, in common with the narrow lives of the narrow-minded, out-of-date inhabitants of an uninteresting little German town, when the only thing to bring them in touch with us is the ten-year-old betrayal of a heroine who does not appear till the play is one third over? Can anything more dreary be imagined than the starless first act, where all these stupid people chatter about their trivial little affairs, and the occasional remark by the obstinate old father that "a spirit of revolt is abroad in the land" makes us wish that the spirit of revolt would manifest itself, and save us from a boredom that would not be endured were some plain American the author of it all.

If these peculiar problems are to be presented to us, they might at least be relieved by wit or humor. Réjane has bespattered the stage freely this winter, but so brilliantly and wittily that the mud has brushed off as lightly as the froth of champagne, while Magda's misdeeds linger as heavily as the fumes of beer or the indigestion of sausage. But as anything with a Norwegian or Teutonic name attached is supposed to be an expression of the higher culture, we must show how highly cultured we are by enduring, and pretending to enjoy it. The "star," having the second and third acts almost exclusively, is, I suppose, the reason for our annual "Magda." If she is a star of the first magnitude, she can lift the heavy pallor of German dreariness. When Modjeska first played the part, she came in like a breath of fresh air, and her tenderness, sympathy, and charm saved the situation. Duse also was a great "Magda," as she could

not fail to be. But even with such actresses as these it is hard to see how the sympathies of an American audience can be enlisted, and held, by following the story of a family whose ideas and whole scheme of life are as foreign as the Arabian Nights or Siberian exile. That it is a realistic picture of German life does not make it any better for us, but only so much worse for the Germans. Magda's own adventures might occur anywhere, but *can* one sympathize with a Father who takes the hand of the man he ought to have kicked downstairs, and informs his daughter that she must consider herself honored by an offer of marriage with her contemptible betrayer. When he further orders her to renounce her child and her career to please this creature, the climax of Teutonic morality is reached, and one feels that Major Schwartz is the worthy son of a country where a woman and a horse are yoked together.

When the principal part in this play falls into the hands of any but a genius, even a burning desire for the culture of the Farthest North could scarcely sustain one, and Sudermann is only German. Miss O'Neil, the latest recruit to the noble army of Magdas, did not help matters. Like an emancipated woman, she appeared with a chip on her shoulder, and the chip remained till the end, when she sat on the floor clasping the foot of Mr. McKee Rankin, who was dying like a balloon when the gas is leaking out. With all her beauty, she produced no impression of tenderness, and her cry of "My child!" seemed to proceed from the chest of the parent of a wax doll, rather than from the heart of the mother of a flesh-and-blood baby. It was impossible to sympathize with "Magda" (as she made her), and as no one could sympathize with her parents, her aunt, her stupid sister, the sister's stupid lover, or her own contemptible one, nothing remained but to sympathize with oneself, and to wish them all back in their tiresome little Teutonic town.

This may be a great play, but until it becomes a little more lively, or most of us a little more foggy of temperament, I shall continue to wonder *why* this annual "Magda"?

C. H.

## Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

"To live miserably we know not why, to have the dread of hunger, to work sore and yet gain nothing,"—this is the definition which Mr. Robert Hunter in his book on "Poverty" \* accepts for his subject. He distinguishes between two classes of people who are in this predicament,—those who are poor through their own folly, and those who are poor as a result of social wrongs. It is admitted that the former deserve their punishment and can be saved only by their own effort, but the latter are innocent, and society must be held responsible. "Those in poverty are fighting a losing struggle," says the author, "because of unnecessary burdens which we might lift from their shoulders; but not until they become drunken, vagrant, diseased, and suppliant, do we consider mercy necessary." Mr. Hunter testifies to these disastrous consequences of poverty, with plain facts and simple logic. Not less convincing is his analysis of the causes which have brought about such a condition. Poverty, as a rule, results from the unemployment of breadwinners, either because they can obtain no work, or on account of their sickness or injury. For these causes Mr. Hunter finds society in whole or in part to blame. Immigration is stimulated for corrupt ends with the consequence that there is an over-supply of labor. Insanitary conditions are permitted in mines, mills, and tenements, causing needless sickness and death. There is a universal unconcern for life and limb in the operation of modern machinery, appliances designed to diminish the number of accidents being passed over as "unwarranted luxuries."

Mr. Hunter shows an appalling multitude of victims to poverty. He estimates that twenty-five per cent. of the population of New York suffer from poverty, and he records that ten per cent. of those who die in Manhattan are buried in the Potter's Field. The average unskilled workman, it is stated, requires charitable aid three times in his life: as a boy when the family is large and the children have not begun to earn, in married life when the family is increasing, finally in old age. Mr. Hunter draws a grim description of the poor who are not reduced to dependence,—"the heavy brooding men, tired,

anxious women, frail joyless little children," toiling fiercely, monotonously, in the dull struggle against want. It is this hopeless state of the independent poor that explains the apparent satisfaction of paupers. These conditions, Mr. Hunter argues, are socially wrong.

Readers who refer to this book to inform themselves of existing conditions cannot reasonably be disappointed. The author shows a wide and intimate knowledge of his subject, and he has recorded his observations and conclusions in a scholarly, frank, and sympathetic spirit. When he speaks of the cure of the difficulty, his position is necessarily less strong and less satisfactory. Very little has been done in this direction, and the discussion must be in the main theoretical. Mr. Hunter's most emphatic plea is for searching investigations. He has faith that public opinion would work for good if the present evils were accurately and generally made known. For practical benefits he looks mainly to the laws, and on the last pages of his book he outlines a scheme of beneficent legislation which is worthy of fuller attention. It would be interesting if Mr. Hunter should use this as the motive of a later work on "The Cure of Poverty."

CONSTANT HUNTINGTON.

As an almost forgotten character in fiction once put it: "On the whole there has been so

much said, and what has been said has been so well said, that there remains nothing more to be said." He was not speaking of anything in particular. The observation was a general one, to be applied as the need arose. And it might almost seem as though the supreme need indeed confronts us when we attempt to add a word to the *Parsifaliana* of the present day. And yet,—in a little book entitled "Parsifal: The Guileless Fool,"—the Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield has defined an opinion of the religious meaning of Wagner's swansong that is unique for many reasons. Any one who, last winter, followed the discussion that could hardly be termed a controversy, recognized the *naïve* touch of a Presbyterian minister—a direct descendant of the fathers of the Church that taught "the old method of repression"—finding the depth and height and breadth of the essentials of his religion in a piece of operatic play-acting, no matter

\* "Poverty." By Robert Hunter. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.



how beautiful, how fervent, how wonderful, the play-acting might be.

But then, of course, "Parsifal" is something entirely different in the play-acting line from anything of which our Presbyterian forefathers had even dimly conceived, though it may be doubted whether they might ever have been brought to see it in any other light than of a sacrilege. It is, however, interesting to note the wide onward sweep of liberal thought, blended with the deepest religious feeling, that marks the distance between Dr. Duffield's attitude and that for which the Presbyterian Church has always stood.

This is not the place to discuss the validity of Dr. Duffield's interpretation of "Parsifal," or the extent of the intention of Wagner, who, perhaps, wrought better than he knew. Most of us discard the idea that Wagner merely recognized as "copy" the tremendous situations of the legend of the soul; most of us gladly admit that "Parsifal" is "an earthly story with a heavenly meaning,"—"the seal celestial on all mortal things." It matters not whether one be a Christian of the Christians or a Pagan of the Pagans or a worshipper at the shrine of music, to the exclusion of all else;—the great fundamental themes of innocence, experience, exaltation, appeal to each in his own way. But, as Dr. Duffield quotes: "What we bring to the enchantment matters more than what the enchantment may disclose." "Parsifal" admits of the widest interpretation; therefore to each and every one of us it means just as much as we are capable of believing that it means.

ISABEL MOORE.

By his practice of turning to Scripture and the classics for the characters as well as the themes of his poetic dramas, Mr. Stephen Phillips had led us to suppose—and rightly—that David the king was to be the hero of the present work,\* which was first announced a long while ago. So far is this from being the case, however, that the period is the seventeenth century, the place England, and the actors in the drama Cromwell's officers and their wives and families. All which is due, it is understood, to the Censor's unwritten rule against the production of biblical plays. The David of the play is Sir Hubert Lisle, commander of the Parliamentary forces in the Fenlands. Coming to Rushland House, the home of

\*"The Sin of David." By Stephen Phillips. The Macmillan Co.

Colonel Mardyke, and the headquarters of the army, he falls a victim at once to the charms of that harsh old Puritan's young French wife, who is herself in just that state of mind that makes a woman susceptible to the advances of a sympathetic admirer. To be forever rid of her husband, the General sends him, without warning, to lead a charge where death must be his portion; and the third act shows the murderer happily installed in the Colonel's place, and the father of a fine young child, of whom he predicts greater achievements in peace than any he himself has compassed as a warrior. His fond anticipations are cut short by a call to battle, at the moment his son is stricken by some nameless malady that carries him off as the father hurries back from victory a few hours later.

Mr. Phillips not only frankly reveals the source of his inspiration in the title of his play, but the second act closes with Lisle's reading aloud the passage of Scripture in which David's sending of Uriah to a bloody death is told. And the parallel is perfected by Miriam's losing her child, as Bathsheba did. It can hardly be necessary to justify such a course, though Mrs. Humphry Ward did not escape the grotesque charge of plagiarism for using in "Lady Rose's Daughter" the true story of Mlle. de Lespinasse. What is more to the point is the question whether he has justified the adaptation of the Bible story to modern conditions. Undoubtedly he has; and "The Sin of David" has the fine literary qualities we associate with the name of the author. But as an acting play it can have at best a success of esteem, for while there are some strong and moving scenes in it, the general air is of the closet rather than the stage. Lisle's instant conversion from a warlike ascetic, who has just condemned a man to death for "carnal crime," to the ardent wooer of another man's wife, and that man his host and brother officer, is of a suddenness that would be more convincing if the scene were Italy and the time the Middle Ages. Such things may happen, and quite possibly happened in seventeenth-century England; but they must be made plausible in the telling, and Lisle's *volte face* is unconvincing in the book, whatever it may prove to be on the stage.

The reconciliation of Miriam to Lisle, after her outburst on hearing his avowal of how he did to death her first husband, is finely conceived and executed (though she would never have used the phrase "a misery matutinal"); and although the sole rhymed lyric in the book

is only so-so, the longer passages show Mr. Phillips's old subtlety and imaginative force, and his continued mastery of the resources of blank verse. His powers and limitations are well known, and "The Sin of David" will

confirm without in any way altering them. It in no wise lessens our hope that its author will in time disprove the charge that the present is an age of barrenness in English poetry. J. B. G.

## The Book-Buyer's Guide

### ART

**Frost—A Book of Drawings by A. B. Frost.** With an introduction by Joel Chandler Harris and Verse by Wallace Irwin. P. F. Collier & Son.

None of the three men who appear on the title-page of this volume need any introduction or guarantee as to their ability as humorists. Mr. Frost is seldom serious here, which is lucky. His negroes, his farmers, his tramps, and "oneary" cattle are ever welcome and entertaining, though certainly not masterpieces in the serious art of illustrating. But who wants to be serious? The introduction by Mr. Harris is worthy of that gentleman, though he complains bitterly at having to "venture forth from my native Flatwoods." Mr. Irwin's verse seems always to the point.

**Slatery—Raphael.** By Edgcombe Slatery. F. Warner & Co. \$1.25.

An excellent volume of illustrations of Raphael's work, prefaced by a short account of his life by Edgcombe Slatery, and a list and history of his chief works. The book is uniform with five others on Botticelli, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Velasquez, Benozzo Gozzoli, and Constable's sketches. In the clear, short, and eminently satisfactory account of Raphael's life the author neither indulges in extravagant praise, nor accepts theories of scant foundation. The frontispiece is an excellent photogravure of "The Betrothal of the Virgin," while the sixty-four half-tones that follow are all that can be expected.

### BIOGRAPHY

**Gaussen—A Later Pepys.** Edited by Alice C. C. Gaussen. 2 vols. John Lane. \$7.50.

The title might suggest a character somewhat like the unique and incomparable Samuel, but Sir William Weller Pepys, whose correspondence is collected in these handsome volumes, though a descendant of the fascinating diarist, was a very different person, being a thoroughly reputable gentleman, more interesting for the letters written to him than for what he wrote himself. His extensive correspondence included Hannah More, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montague, Sir James MacDonalld, Sir Nathaniel Wroxall, and other men and women noted in the court and social life of that period. It is needless to say that their letters are an important and attractive contribution to the literature of the "Blue Stocking Society," and the

editor's own account of some of its noted members is excellent in its way. Sir William's letters, though sometimes dull and prosy, often catch something of the vivacity of his correspondents, and those to his son in school and college are delightful.

**Lauvrière—Edgar Poe.** By Emile Lauvrière. Paris. Felix Alcan. \$2.00.

The author of this book has devoted much time and trouble to the study of Poe and his work. In his effort to do justice to Poe while recognizing his failings he has not only scrupulously examined all the "Poe literature," but has also made him a psychological study, consulting works on alienism at the Faculty of Medicine, and specialists such as Messieurs Ribot, P. Janet, and Dr. Klippel. The result is an exhaustive and interesting biography of the poet, and criticism of his work comprising over 700 pages. Having sought above all things to judge fairly, the author, in his preface, expects, for his moderation, to be as roughly handled by the friends as by the enemies of Poe.

**Maybrick—My Fifteen Lost Years.** By Florence Elizabeth Maybrick. Funk & Wagnalls.

The evident ease with which Mrs. Maybrick's account of her fifteen years in an English prison might be made "yellow" will serve as a good excuse for any exaggerated lapses that may occur. Such a tale cannot help being morbid, but in the main it rings true. To those who have an interest in prison life it will not fail to be of value, yet for the ordinary reader it would be a book worth while avoiding.

**Paine—Th. Nast, His Period and His Pictures.** By Albert Bigelow Paine. Macmillan. \$5.00.

The influence of the cartoons of Thomas Nast on New York politics at the time of the Tweed Ring is of undoubted and absorbing interest. Few such men have shown the power and personality of this worker in *Harper's Weekly*, and Albert Bigelow Paine has told of his life and described his struggles in a manner worthy of the subject. The selecting and reproducing of drawings, naturally important in a book of this nature, has been done with exceptional thoroughness and intelligence. The importance of "The Cartoon that Captured Tweed" may not be exaggerated, and from here down, photographs, reproductions of manuscripts, cards, anecdotes, and sketches

fulfil all that can be expected of them. Indeed the whole gives an unusual inside history of this vital period of the story of the nation.

**Sanborn—The Personality of Emerson.** By F. B. Sanborn. Boston. Charles E. Goodspeed. \$5.00 net.

Mr. Sanborn has set himself to paint portraits of four distinguished friends. We have had already his likeness of Thoreau; Bronson Alcott and Ellery Channing are still to be portrayed. In the framework of the present volume we have a picture of Emerson as he was seen by a disciple. The seer as here seen is not otherwise than as we have long known him; but it is well that those who knew him best should record their impressions of him, and readers of to-day as well as the future historians of Transcendentalism in New England will find substantial value in these intimate yet reverent pencillings. The book—a small one—does credit to the Merrymount Press.

**Singleton—Famous Women as Described by Famous Writers.** Edited and translated by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.60 net.

In this volume are gathered accounts by well-known authors of forty women, famous for beauty or intellect. Descriptions of sovereigns, queens of the left hand, women of active politics, and leaders of famous *Salons*, by such men as Swinburne, Dumas, Lamartine, Paget, Sainte-Beuve, and Froude have been arranged in a careful and excellent manner. The long-vacant place for such a work is now well filled.

## FICTION

**Chambers—In Search of the Unknown.** By Robert W. Chambers. Harper. \$1.50.

Distinctly better than most of Mr. Chambers's recent work. The book is a satire, and not in the least an obscure one, on modern scientific adventure, though the author, in his various prefaces, appears a little fearful lest we miss the point of his irony. It is a pity, too, that Mr. Chambers is so sensible of the conventions of his craft, for he has laboriously introduced a series of "love" episodes into his otherwise really funny narrative. Some of the material has already been published in magazines, but it is a test of its humor that it is now a second time readable in book form. Mr. Chambers has a lively invention, which here happily combines with his fondness for mystery. "Professor Farrago, of Bronx Park," perhaps deserves to be heard of again.

**Darrow—Farmington.** By Clarence S. Darrow. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

A thoroughly charming book, which every man who has ever been a boy will heartily enjoy. It is difficult to believe that it is not autobiographical, though it professes to be the juvenile reminiscences of the son of one

John Smith, a miller, living in a small Puritan town, forty years ago. It should be very suggestive to parents and teachers now-a-days though times have greatly changed—but boys have not.

**Du Bois—Elinor Arden, Loyalist.** By Mary Constance Du Bois. Century. \$1.50.

This is a charming story, a romance of Cavalier and Roundhead. Thoroughly interesting, wholesome, and clever.

**Farjeon—Lucy and Their Majesties.** By B. L. Farjeon. Century. \$1.50.

This is excellent fooling, an amusing, clever story. Perhaps the average American child is not sufficiently familiar with Mme. Tussaud—nor even with English history—to appreciate their waxen majesties, come to life, nor their characteristic behavior, and the story would gain by condensation, but it is very good. The pictures by F. Y. Cory and George Varian deserve emphatic praise.

**Mallock—The Veil of the Temple; or, From Dark to Twilight.** By W. H. Mallock. Putnam's. \$1.20 net.

The note on the cover of this book describes it as "A Romance of Society . . . enlivened by discussions of matters of belief and of questions of the day." We should be inclined to reverse this description. The "romance" only lasts for a few chapters, and then begin the discussions—chiefly on matters of unbelief—that last to the end of the book. Mr. Mallock, whose cleverness is well known, uses his characters to talk at length about evolution, clerical and miraculous Christianity, allegorical psychology, free-will, causation, unconscious consciousness, mental unity, mind and matter, Hegelism, Darwinism, Theism, and all the other "isms" that contribute to the present-day scepticism. Any one that expects to find here a novel in the popular sense will be disappointed, but in spite of the formidable subjects of the somewhat lengthy discussions it is full of interest, and a good many will like to know that "some of the speakers can easily be identified with leaders of thought and of action in English society." Prof. James, of Harvard, who, quite naturally is quoted in a discussion on religions, is persistently called "James."

**McCarthy—The Lady of Loyalty House.** By Justin H. McCarthy. Harper. \$1.50.

A story of Cromwell's time, with the brilliant Lady Brilliana Harby as the storm centre. Dangers without end beset the lady and her admirers true and false, the whole ending happily when the clang of wedding bells replaces the clash of swords.

**Michelson—The Madigans.** By Miriam Michelson. Century Co. \$1.50.

Ten short stories of six clever, naughty, motherless, and might-as-well-be fatherless

imps. Their escapades are brightly told and they are very human. The illustrations by Orson Lowell really illustrate the stories.

**Murai—Hanna.** By Gensai Murai. Translated into English by Unkichi-Kawai. "Hochi Shimbun," Tokyo.

A quaint and successful attempt to adapt a Japanese story and form of bookbinding to English needs and readers, despite the obvious fact that the beginning is at the wrong end of the volume. The author, said to be one of Japan's most popular editors and authors, here gives a war romance based on the early part of the Japanese-Russian struggle. Through a plausible and interesting story he presents the virtues of the Japanese people, their self-sacrifice, and nobility. Unkichi-Kawai has made an excellent translation into English. The text is illustrated according to the modern Japanese convention, and pleasantly, if originally, bound in cloth. The book is certainly a new departure and worth reading.

**Overton—Captains of the World.** By Gwen-dolen Overton. Macmillan. \$1.50.

The chief trouble with Miss Overton's latest novel is that we seem to have read it all somewhere else. It sounds too much like an American dilution of Mrs. Ward. The young mechanic who becomes a leader of trades-unions; the lovely daughter of the plutocrat mill-owner, who cannot marry the Italian prince and fortune-hunter because the remembrance of the mechanic haunts her; the contrasted pictures of boundless wealth and the misery of poor strikers and their families on the brink of starvation, — all this is pretty well-worn material redeemed by no particular gift of style or ingenuity of incident. It is raw sort of work at the best. In her first novel, "The Heritage of Unrest," Miss Overton described the life of the Far West with graphic vividness, perhaps because she knew much about it. There is nothing in this book that can be called original in matter or effective in manner.

**Parrish—My Lady of the North.** By Randall Parrish. McClurg. \$1.50.

This time the hero is a Confederate officer and the lady is from the North. The plot hinges on a mistake unlikely to have endured so long, but were everybody in drama and fiction clear-sighted where would be our plays and novels? For the rest of the book is filled with the hair-breadth escapes, desperate fighting, and fine sense of honor which made up the novels of an earlier period.

**Rickert—The Reaper.** By Edith Rickert. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

Home life in the Shetland Islands, with enough of a story to hold together those pictures of a civilization a century or more behind our own. The dialect is not particularly unintelligible, but there is a good deal of it.

A simple story of simple folk, gained, we are told, at first hand.

**Sedgwick—Paths of Judgment.** By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. The Century Co. \$1.50.

A well-told and sustained study of the power of a weak but gifted man over a woman who is admirable in everything but her blindness as to one man's faults. A man in passion, a child in principles and conscience, is never a pleasant subject of contemplation. Fortunately there are other personages in the story more worthy of consideration, and if there is suffering that finds, as the author says, a "voice of frozen tears," there is also some sunshine behind the clouds.

**Smith—Yosemite Legends.** By Bertha H. Smith. Paul Elder & Co. \$2.00 net.

The volume contains six short legends based on the folk-song of the tribe of Ah-wah-nee-chee, or Yosemite dwellers. The stories are told with an attractive simplicity that retains a flavor of the primitive Indian poetry. It is obvious, however, that the writer, in searching for the archaic, has left her atmosphere tinged with suggestions of old English alliterative ruse—and passages from the Old Testament. The illustrator has produced marginal designs and fly leaves in excellent keeping with the text; while the thirteen full-page wash drawings in color are filled with the evasiveness and imaginative charm of the subject.

**Taylor—The Well in the Woods.** By Bert Leston Taylor. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25.

This is a happy little book, even when the creatures are not chanting the query as to why the rabbit wobbles its nose. A book the children will enjoy. And its pictures are Miss Cory's charming work.

**Whitlock—The Happy Average.** By Brand Whitlock. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.

The title of this book well describes its substance and the style in which it is written. There is nothing fresh, individual, or in any way requiring comment, in this story of a young man's start in life and his marriage. Only the most alert reader could maintain an interest to the end.

## HISTORY AND TRAVEL

**Blair and Robertson—The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898.** Edited by Emma H. Blair and James A. Robertson. A. H. Clark Co. 55 Vols. \$4.00 a vol.

This monumental work on the Islands, made up of translations from the accounts of early explorations, descriptions, and histories, with maps, portraits, etc., has now reached its fifteenth volume, which covers the year 1609. It is an indispensable addition to every large library and collection of American or Spanish history.



## Cochrane—The World's Industrial Progress.

By Charles H. Cochrane. Lippincotts.

The uninitiated layman is always glad to learn of the technical side of the world's progress if the facts can be given him in a broad and interesting manner. From such a view-point this book is a success, for the processes of making all things, from gum shoes to steel bridges, are well and lucidly brought forth in forty-three chapters.

## Davitt—The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland.

By Michael Davitt. Harper.

The Land League revolution of the Irish people, their struggles to regain possession of the lands confiscated under the Cromwellian settlement,—which was virtually continued during two hundred and fifty years,—is set forth in this book by Michael Davitt as it could be set forth only by one who is both entirely conversant with the inner workings and secret history of the question and who has given his best strength and sympathy to its solution.

Michael Davitt is himself certainly a most unique figure in the processes of Irish political freedom, having experienced almost every variety of feeling and event to which an Irishman is heir: and there is in his telling occasional touches of a quaint *naïveté* that lifts the narration of serious and formal events into the region of delicious humor and most readable personality. An example of this manner, that is too desirable and incidental to be called a mannerism, is where we are told that his knowledge of a certain thing was of only secondary value "owing to the circumstance of being in prison at that time."

Parnell is, of course, Mr. Davitt's hero; and the personal portraiture he gives is both interesting and valuable. Entirely cognizant of the great leader's faults, he yet maintains that they are but as the wart on Cromwell's face, not concealing his greatness but bearing a testimony that would damn smaller men to the level of a comparative mediocrity.

And, firm in the belief that nationhood is not a decaying but a growing force, he is more practical in his suggestions for the solution of Ireland's problems than are the others of his clan. Indeed, Mr. Davitt's latest achievement is of great value both as a record and as literature.

## Heidenstam—Swedish Life in Town and Country.

By A. G. von Heidenstam. Putnam. \$1.20 net.

The twelfth volume in "Our European Neighbours," every new issue in which is promptly bought and read by the thousands who have found its predecessors so informing and entertaining. Any comment beyond the announcement of its publication would be superfluous.

## Hutton—Literary Landmarks of the Scottish Universities.

By Laurence Hutton. Putnam. \$1.00.

Mr. Hutton's many "Literary Landmarks" books have long been favorite companions of European tourists, who will regret that this

posthumous addition to the series must be the last. It is one of the best, particularly for cultivated and scholarly travellers, and is illustrated with good pictures of the college buildings and portraits of eminent men—Carlyle, William Drummond, John Brown, Brougham, Darwin, Lockart, Jeffrey, Scott, and others—who have studied or taught within their walls.

## Singleton—Russia, Described by Great Writers.

Edited by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.60 net.

A companion volume to the excellent one on Japan compiled by the same lady. The extracts are from authors of more or less note, and include interesting matter, not only concerning Russia proper but Finland, Lapland, and Poland; covering city and rural life, the foods and drinks of the people, their amusements, art, literature, religion, etc., with many statistics and copious illustrations.

## Thwaites—Early Western Travels, 1748-1846.

Vol. VI. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. A. H. Clark Co. \$1.00.

This new volume of this important historical series includes "Buttrick's Voyages," 1812-1819, and "Evan's Pedestrian Tour," 1819; the former extremely rare in the original edition, which was published for the benefit of the author who had "become blind through his hardships," Evan's travelled on foot through Western New York and the solitudes of Northern Ohio to Detroit, and thence by way of the Alleghany, Ohio, and Mississippi, to New Orleans and back to New Hampshire, his home. Both narratives are full of interest.

## Tremain—Last Hours of Sheridan's Cavalry.

By Henry E. Tremain. New York. Bonnell, Silver & Bowers.

A reprint of war memoranda by a late brevet brigadier-general, major, and aid-de-camp in the United States Volunteers, originally published in sundry journals, and now reprinted in response to frequent requests, with an additional chapter compiled from official records and an appendix containing further interesting matter. The illustrations are a portrait of Sheridan, a map of the Appomattox campaign, and a picture of the holding up of Lee's supply train.

## MISCELLANEOUS

### Aflalo—Leaders of British Sport. A Series of

Fifty Portraits of the Greatest Living British Sportsmen. By F. G. Aflalo. With 50 full-page illustrations from photographs. By Messrs. Elliott & Fry. Lane. \$6.00 net.

The feature of the book is the series of characteristic sporting portraits from the camera of Mr. Ernest Elliott.

### Antrim—Phases, Mazes, and Crazes of Love.

By Minna T. Antrim. George W. Jacobs & Co. 75 c.

It is hard to be cleverly cynical in epigrams on

women and love. But then, why try? This small volume does not answer the question, and many of its sayings have been already said.

**Dutton—Earthquakes, in the Light of the New Seismology.** By Clarence Edward Dutton. Putnam. \$3.50.

This pseudo-scientific volume is admirably planned to meet the popular comprehension. The nature, causes, and distribution of quakes, the registering seismographs and seismoscopes, the size, periods, speed, and varying intensity of waves, are all described lucidly and interestingly to the reader with only the most languid desire for information on the subject. Technical language is evaded with tact, and technical detail introduced only to the extent needed to make the argument conclusive.

**Matthews—Recreations of an Anthologist.**

By Brander Matthews. Dodd, Mead & Co. Professor Matthews's "Recreations" have been in highly agreeable places and have resulted in a dozen brief papers on such subjects as "Unwritten Books," "American Epigrams," "Carols of Cookery," etc., the neatly garnered fruits of not too serious research. The little volume has been several times reprinted.

**Wilcox—A Woman of the World.** By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. L. C. Page & Co.

Under this title Mrs. Wilcox has gathered together "her counsel to other people's sons and daughters." These essays were written for newspaper publication, and were probably dashed off at white heat as most newspaper articles are. There is no more sane paper in this volume than the one to Mrs. St. Claire, the divorcée. Mrs. Wilcox has a good deal of everyday common-sense if she is a poet.

**"Who's Who," 1905.** London. A. & C. Black. 7/6 net.

The English "Who's Who" for 1905 is just out. It contains over 17,000 biographies, every one of which has been submitted for personal revision. Except the American "Who's Who" there is no book more frequently used in an editorial office. The compiler of this volume has put us under an everlasting debt.

#### POETRY AND VERSE

**Gould—One's Self I Sing.** By Elizabeth Porter Gould. Badger. \$1.50.

A world of kindly human feeling, an inclination to muse upon the "Where? What? Whence?" that confront the observer of the human procession going by him,—and but a modicum of art to express such feeling and meditation on the part of the author,—are the chief characteristics that greet us in this volume of verse, with its autobiographic title, and with its evident purpose of making appeal to readers who are also personal friends of the author.

**Lounsbury—Delilah. A Drama in Three Acts.** By G. Constant Lounsbury. Scott-Thaw Co., N. Y.

In the epidemic of Biblical Drama, which, of late, seems to have seized upon our poets,

it is perhaps to be expected that the time has come for the rehabilitation of the Strong Man of Israel, with modern explications of characters and fresh episodic interest, suggested by the text, to any old-fashioned "searcher of the Scriptures." But in the present instance we are reminded that the theme of central importance is not Samson, but Delilah. And a Delilah surely undreamed of in the sober conception of the old-fashioned reader just cited. For, as very recently we have had presented in dramatic guise a Mary Magdalen of a supreme nobleness of character and of an unparalleled inner purity, so now we have a Delilah all maidenhood, all high-mindedness, all delicate poetic suggestion, even to the rough warriors of her tribe, one of whom declares:

"She floats above us like a bough of spring,  
A budding branch that idly rocks and sways  
Its waking blossoms in the wind of dreams"—

a Delilah, too, who, according to her own declaration, loves her country

"Better than the sweet, bounding pulse of life"—

a Delilah, who, purely from patriotic and religious motives, undertakes the betrayal of her Samson; who falters in various stages of that betrayal, and who is carried on to the final act only from the desire to avenge the murder of her (apocryphal) brother at the hands of Samson. Such is the New Delilah. With the figure of Samson the dramatist has taken fewer liberties.

It is pleasant to record that the author handles her blank verse with considerable skill; but, then, our contention is not with her manner, but with her matter, which strikes us as psychologically inconsistent and anachronistic.

**Rice—David: A Tragedy.** By Cale Young Rice. McClure, Phillips & Co., N. Y. \$3.00 net.

If we mistake not, the reviewer's table has seen within the space of one year at least three poetic dramas based upon the story of David. Now, it would be an easy conjecture that had not Mr. Stephen Phillips given us *Francesca and Paolo*, and, later, his *Herod and his Ulysses*, the various present—and perhaps, also, impending—Davids would be non-existent!

Mr. Rice's "Tragedy" has a cast of some nineteen characters, aside from chorus followers and soldiers. There is plenty of action, and enough of ingenious imbroglia in Mr. Rice's manipulation—and, withal, a due observance of verisimilar nomenclature and sufficiently exact topographical allusion; and yet we do not find ourselves confronting a perspective in antiquity, nor breathing the storm-charged atmosphere of the epoch treated.

Perhaps the most effective of the scenes in this drama is that in which Saul, Michal, the Witch of Endor, the disguised David, and the Shade of the Prophet Samuel, are the chief figures.

(For list of books received see third page following).

